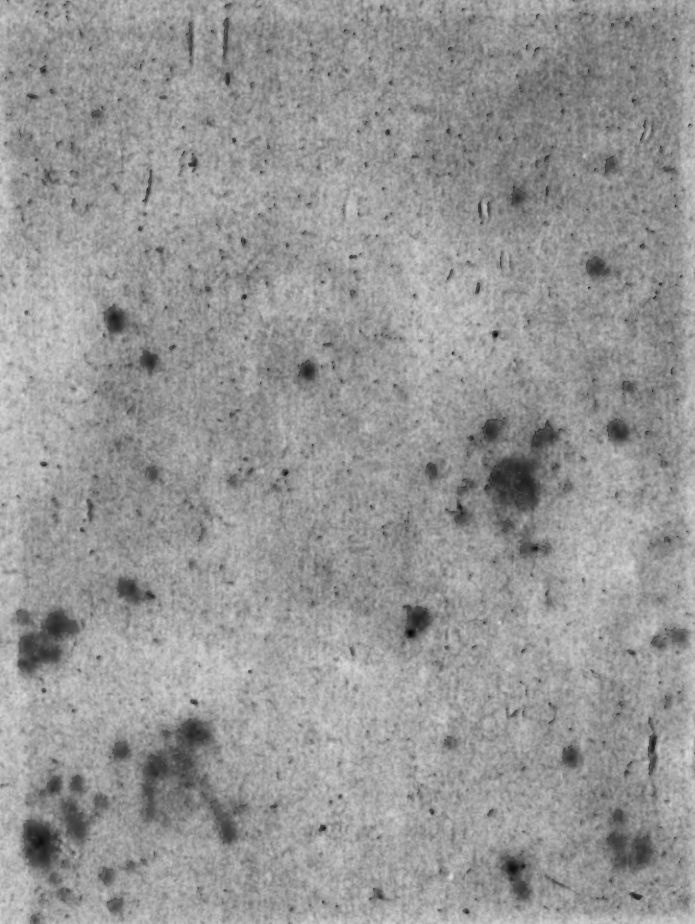
Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



Christ bearing his Cross.

Published Nov.r 1.1800, by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Paternoster Row.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by Luke Hansard, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields,

FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND Co.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Calvary;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

After a ſhort introduction, which ſtates the miraculous acts of Chriſt, and ſerves to mark the period at which the Poem commences, Satan goes forth by night into the wilderneſs, and finds himſelf in the very ſpot, where he had in vain practiſed his temptations upon Chriſt: Here he falls into meditation upon that unſucceſsful interview, and vents himſelf in ſoliloquy: Indignant under diſappointment, and impatient to repair his defeat, he aſcends to the ſummit of the mountain, from whence he had exhibited the kingdoms of the earth, and calls the Devils from all parts of the Heathen world: The whole hoſt of Infernals aſſemble at his ſummons: The chief leaders are enumerated, their perſons and attributes deſcribed; Satan addreſſes them, and propoſes the ſubject matter for their conſultation, namely, By what means to counteract the power of Chriſt upon earth: Baal delivers his ſentiments by ſtating difficulties and objections without any decided opinion unleſs for ſeduction in the general: Moloch angrily reſents what he conſiders as pointed at himſelf, and ſpeaks diſdainfully againſt the propoſal of ſeduction, as not only deſperate but diſgraceful: Belial replies, and after much circumlocution ſuggeſts a temptation to be ſet on foot by Mammon: He is interrupted by Satan, who reproves him for certain digreſſions in his ſpeech, but adopts his hint of employing Mammon, and calls upon that evil ſpirit to attempt the fidelity of Judas Iſcariot, whom he points out to him as the only one of the Diſciples open to ſeduction: Mammon at firſt affects to excuſe himſelf from the undertaking, but in concluſion accepts it, and taking wing in preſence of the whole applauding hoſt ſets out upon his embaſſy, directing his courſe to the City of Jeruſalem.

CALVARY.

BOOK I.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE DEVILS.

HAIL, awful CALVARY! forſaking now
Aonian haunts and the unhallow'd Nine,
I viſit thy ſad mount, and thence invite
The mournful echoes to my deep-ton'd harp,
Hymning the whilſt in ſolemn numbers praiſe
To God for mercies purchas'd by the death
Of that myſterious Being, virgin-born,
Savior of loſt mankind, who on the croſs,
Lord though he be of life and one with God,
In mortal pangs expir'd; there to atone
For a degenerate world, by his pure blood
To waſh original corruption out,
And riſing victor from the grave diſpel
Sin and it's offspring Death, with all the train
Of idol gods, uſurping earth and heav'n.

Now had the wond'rous acts by JESUS wrought
Spread wide his fame thro' all Judæa's realm;
The leper cleans'd, the blind to sight restor'd,
The sick to health and ev'n the dead to life,
Tho' warn'd to silence, for his modest ear
Sought not the praise of men, so much the more
Publish'd his mercies; Dæmons at his call
With horrid shrieks, that testified his power,
Came forth from men possest and fled; his voice
Rebuk'd the seas and winds; vast was the throng
That follow'd where he led, and thousands found
In the waste wilderness mirac'lous food:
They saw, they marvel'd, and of force confest
Messias in his power, not so in form;
For there no comeliness, no outward grace,
No princely state appear'd: Slow to renounce
Illusions long indulg'd, their wavering minds
'Twixt two opinions halted, while in place
Of these bright visions they beheld a man
Lowly and meek, a houseless wanderer,
That had not where on earth to lay his head:—

Such

Such can our Iſrael's great Reſtorer be,
Such our Meſſias?—Thus their troubled thoughts
Like meeting currents claſh'd; when as he ſpake
Truth flow'd reſiſtleſs from his lips, his eyes
Beam'd mercy, and his Father's glory ſhone
Effulgent in his face; then every tongue
Was huſh'd to ſilence, every doubt diſpell'd,
And every heart confeſs'd him Lord and Chriſt.
'Twas night, when SATAN, prince of darkneſs call'd,
And fitly call'd, for evil hates the day,
Walk'd forth on helliſh meditation bent,
Prowling the wilderneſs: Where'er he trode,
Earth quak'd beneath his foot; before him roll'd
Thick cloud and vapour, making night's dark ſhade
More black and terrible; the beaſts of prey,
Every wild thing that roams the ſavage waſte
And howling to the moon demands it's food,
Fled his approach; the lion and the pard
Scented the blaſt and ſlunk into their dens;
For whilſt his breaſt with raging paſſions boil'd,
Hatred, revenge and blaſphemous deſpight,

The ſighs he vented from the hell within
Breath'd death into the air; his haggard eyes,
Which ſtill in ſpeechleſs agonies he roll'd,
Out-glar'd the hyæna's; other fires than their's
To light his diſmal path he needed none.
Now, having ſtretch'd athwart the ſandy wild
Clear to its rocky verge, the Arch-fiend paus'd
And upward caſt his eye, if haply there
Darkling he might diſcern what ſaucy mound
Dar'd to arreſt his courſe; for yet there dwelt
Such vigor in his wing, nor depth, nor heighth,
Mountains nor ſeas might check his bold career,
Were he ſo purpos'd; neither would he deign
To aſk one charitable ſtar for light,
Thoughtful of former glory, when he ſoar'd
Son of the morning far above their ſpheres.
Whereat he 'gan put forth his plumed vans
From either ſhoulder ſtretcht for flight, when ſoon
The fuel'd clouds to fierce encounter ruſh'd,
Loud thunders bellow'd, and the lightning's flaſh
Smote on the craggy cliff; at ſight whereof

Conſcious

Conſcious that now he preſs'd the fatal ſpot,
Where late he commun'd with the Son of God,
Who for the ſpace of forty days and nights
Foil'd ev'ry vain device, with ſhame abaſh'd
And pondering in his mind his foul defeat,
Down, down at once his flagging pinions fell
Cloſe cow'ring to his ribs: As ſome proud ſhip
Between the tropics o'er th' Atlantic wave
Speeding amain to reach her deſtin'd port,
If chance th' experienc'd mariner eſpies
The gathering hurricane, no ſtay, no ſtop,
Quick to the yard each ſwelling ſail is furl'd,
The curl'd waves whitening as the torrent drives,
And ſoon her taunt and lofty topmaſt lower'd
Strikes to the gale; ſo he his towering heighth,
That to angelic ſtature now had ſwell'd,
Shrunk into human ſize, nor other ſeem'd
Than pilgrim ſqualid and with years and toil
Bending decrepit, when from his full heart
Words intermixt with groans thus forc'd their way.
Yes, hateful wilderneſs, deteſted rocks,

Whom I would curſe, had Nature left one blade
On your bare ribs, which curſing I might blaſt,
Full well I know you; deep, too deep engrav'd
On memory's tablet your rude horrors live.
And you, officious lightnings, hide your fires!
Come, Night, again; let central darkneſs ſhrowd
Scenes, whoſe tormenting recollection ſtabs
My unavenged ſoul. Can I forget
This Son of Joſeph? Son of God henceforth
Of force I muſt confeſs him, for what leſs
Than god-like conſtancy could have withſtood
Temptations great and terrible as mine?
Something which man is not he needs muſt be,
Virtue, that angels boaſt not, he muſt have,
Elſe had my ſnares enclos'd him, elſe the world,
Which then was mine to give, had been a bribe
Too glorious not to dazzle every eye
But his, who made thoſe glories what they are.
Still I muſt doubt the Father's love ſincere,
Tho' loudly vouch'd by his own voice from heav'n:
Is this a father's love, is this his care,

Here

Here to expoſe him to this deſart wild
Forty long ſleepleſs nights and faſting days,
No Angel guard about him, loſt, forlorn,
Abandon'd to the elements, to beaſts
More fierce than this loud ſtorm; nay, fiercer ſtill,
To me than all more terrible, to me,
Foe of his life inveterate and avow'd?
Rare ſample of God's love! If here his CHRIST
Encounter'd aught of danger; and if none,
What elſe could prompt him to this vain diſplay
Of voluntary penance, but the love
Of flattery and a deſpicable wiſh
To hear himſelf applauded? In this ſpot,
Beneath the jutting roof of this rude cliff,
I firſt ſurpriz'd this wand'ring Son of God,
This Savior of the world: Fainting he ſeem'd
With thirſt and hunger, pale as death his cheek,
His hollow eyes deep ſunk, and from his brow
Big drops of ſweat diſtill'd, as one o'erſpent
And ſinking to the earth there to expire.
A ready tale he had for pity's ear,

A melancholy

A melancholy liſt of wants and woes;
He had not taſted food, and fairly own'd
That Nature's cravings were intenſe; when I,
Glad at the heart to find him thus beſieg'd
With appetite ſo eager, ſtooping down,
From the diſſever'd fragments, that here lie
About the baſe of this ſtorm-beaten rock,
Choſe out a few ſmooth ſtones, and tempting ſaid,
If thou art hungry, eat; convert theſe ſtones,
If thou art God's own Son, to bread, and eat!
But he not ſo beguil'd ſpurn'd them away,
And ſilenc'd me with text of holy writ:
A nobler appetite I next aſſail'd,
Ambition; to the mountain's top we ſoar'd;
I ſpread the kingdoms of the earth in ſight,
Fit ſight to whet the hunger of the mind;
But mind and body he alike would ſtarve,
Nor thank nor homage render back for food
Of my providing: One laſt hope remain'd;
Methought there was a godly pride about him,
Which with right holy flattery I might win:

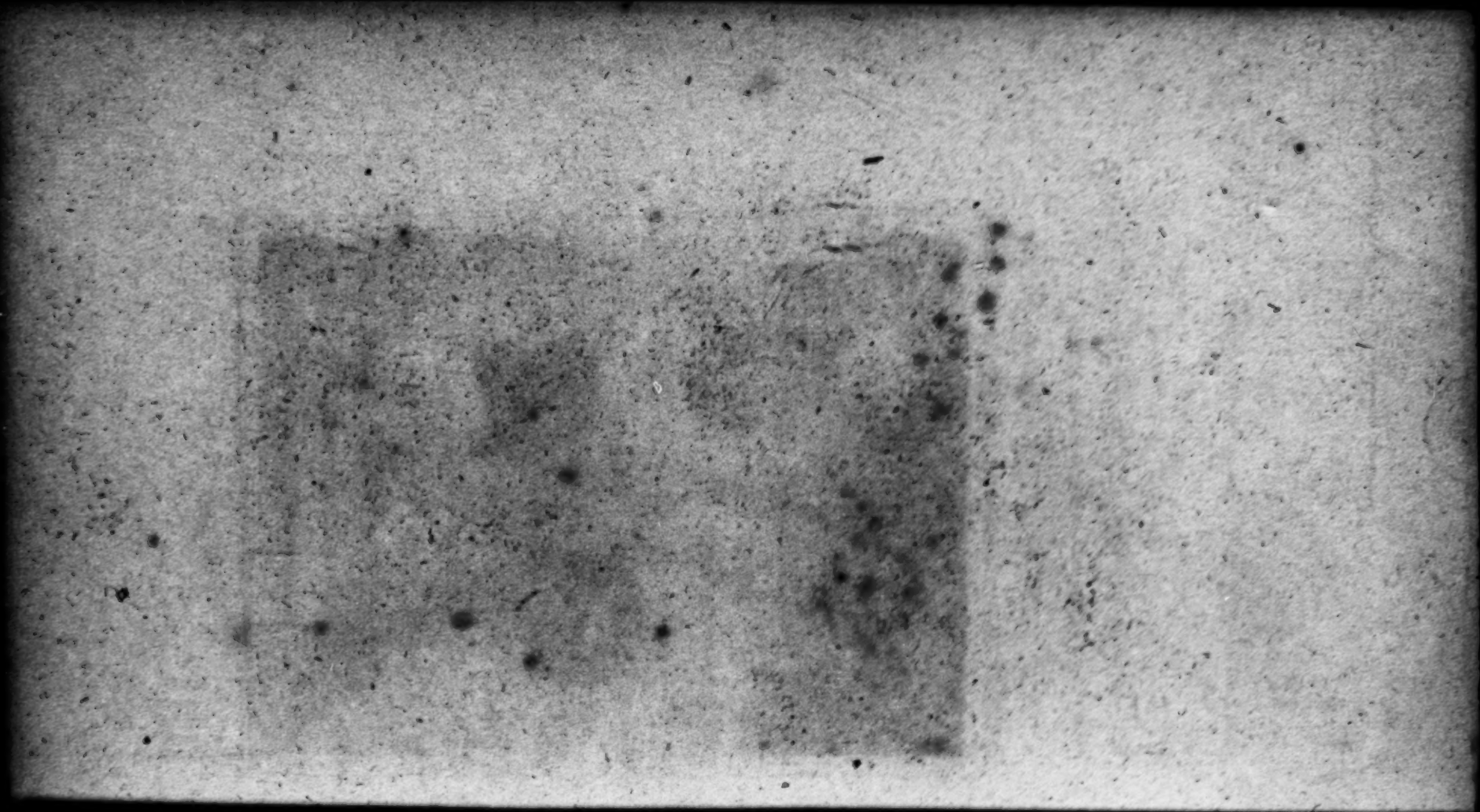
Upon

Upon the temple's topmoſt pinnacle
I plac'd this ſcorner of an earthly crown,
And bade him be a God; Caſt thyſelf down;
Behold, quoth I, the Angels are on wing
To bear thee up unhurt: With ſtern rebuke,
Get thee behind me, SATAN! he replied;
Some power unſeen control'd me, down I fell,
Down from the giddy eminence I plung'd,
And left him to his Angels, whilſt their hymns
And hallelujahs echo'd through the air
His triumphs and my ſecond fall from heav'n.
And now if dark deſpair ſhall reach this heart,
Which of hell's tetrarchs can arraign their king,
Or fix on me his ſhare of public loſs
And overthrow ſuſtain'd in this attack?
None, for none dare. If I, till now ſupreme,
Great idol of the Gentile world, for whom
So many groves, ſo many altars blaze;
If I, to whom by various names ador'd
Thouſands of temples riſe, whilſt one alone,
One ſolitary pile on Sion's hill

Echoes

Echoes the praiſe of God, neglected elſe
Of all; if I, if SATAN muſt ſubmit
To CHRIST, revenge to patience, war to peace,
And men muſt learn new maxims of forgiveneſs,
Maxims I neither practiſe nor inſtil,
Heroes and kings and conquerors, farewell!
Greater is he who ſerves than he who reigns:
To ſuffer, to ſubmit, to turn the cheek
To the proud ſmiter, theſe are virtues now;
Hence with ſuch virtues! If theſe rules obtain,
If this tame doctrine ſhall unman the world,
Altars and groves and temples all muſt ſink;
Olympus and its ſynod, every Grace
And every Muſe, all that the chiſſel wrought
In Greece or Rome, ſhall moulder into duſt,
And CHRIST and Reaſon ſhall uſurp the world.
He ceas'd, and now his ſwelling boſom heav'd
With indignation like the labouring earth,
Which ſubterranean vapours undermine,
Pent in it's ſulph'rous entrails: Up he ſprung
To that high mountain top whence he review'd

The



SATAN on the rock calling the **DAEMONS**.

Hear, and demi-gods, Olympian powers,
Infernal princes of Hell's dark abyss,
Heaven's exiles, spirits of air, water, fire,
Or whatsoever element confines
Your incorporeal essences ——— Oh! hear!
Hear and assemble! ———

Book I. Page 100.

Published November 1st by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Co. Paternoster Row.

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The kingdoms of the earth, whilſt at his ſide
CHRIST's humble virtue ſtood, on other realms,
Realms of immortal happineſs, intent:
Here, as a vulture, on the craggy peak
Of Caucaſus or Hæmus left to watch,
Screams out his ſhrill alarm, at ſound whereof
The carrion troop, upon the wing for prey,
Come flocking to the ſignal, SATAN thus
Stood eminent, and call'd his dark compeers;
So loud he call'd, that to the fartheſt bounds
Of Pagan iſle or continent was heard
His voice re-echoing thro' the vault of heav'n.
Heroes and demi-gods, Olympian powers,
Infernal princes of hell's dark abyſs,
Heav'n's exiles, ſpirits of air, water, fire,
Or whatſoever element confines
Your incorporeal eſſences, Oh hear!
Hear and aſſemble! 'tis your leader calls;
It is your champion's voice, in happier hours
Heard and obey'd, now in extremeſt need
Be preſent and aſſiſt our great divan.

No more, for ſoon was heard the diſtant ſound
Of wings that beat the air; from every point
Of the four winds the gathering ſwarm came on;
From Crete, from Cyprus and the Ionian coaſt,
From Egypt, Afric and the Auſonian ſhores,
Gods of all names, dimenſions and degrees.
Great was their ſov'reign's triumph to behold
This prompt obedience to his high command;
For now deſcending on the deſert heath
To martial muſic, the infernal hoſt
In bands and columns, by their chiefs arraign'd,
Stood firm; if ever gleam of joy might reach
Heart ſo accurs'd, the Arch-fiend had felt it here,
As with a monarch's eye he now review'd
His armies, covering all the ſwarthy plain.
Come, Muſe, and to your ſuppliant's eyes impart
One ray of that pure light, which late you pour'd
On the dark orbs of your immortal Bard
Eclips'd by drop ſerene: Conduct me now,
Me from my better days of bold emprize
Fur in decline, and with the hoary hand

Of

Of Time hard ſtricken, yet adventuring forth
O'er Nature's limits into worlds unſeen.
Peopled with ſhadowy forms and phantoms dire:
Oh! bear me on your pinions in this void,
Where weary foot ne'er reſted; and behold!
All hell burſts forth: Support me, or I ſink.
Now glimm'ring twilight ſtreak'd the Eaſtern ſky,
For he, that on his forehead brings the morn,
Star-crowned PHOSPHORUS had heard the call,
And with the foremoſt ſtood. Beſide him one
Of towering ſtature and majeſtic port,
Himſelf a hoſt; his black and curling locks
Down his herculean ſhoulders copious flow'd;
In glittering braſs upon his ſhield he bore
A kingly eagle, enſign of command,
BAAL his name, ſecond to none in ſtate
Save only his great chieftain; worſhipp'd long
In Babylon, till Daniel drove him thence
With all his gluttonous prieſts; exalted ſince
High above all the idol gods of Greece,
Thron'd on Olympus, and his impious hand

Arm'd

Arm'd with the thunder; yet he ru'd the zeal
Of furious Jehu, and that mournful day,
When he beheld his altars ſtream with blood,
His prophets and his prieſts by hundreds ſlain
Upon Mount Carmel. MOLOCH in the van,
Mail'd at all points for war, with ſpear and helm
And plumed creſt and garments roll'd in blood,
Flam'd like a meteor: Him with horrid joy
SATAN awhile ſurvey'd, then ſighing cried,
Oh! worthy of command, had all like thee
So bravely fought, heav'n never had been loſt.
Thence as he glanc'd his eye, far other form
And much unfit for war he next eſpied,
CHEMOS, the ſin of Moab; power obſcene,
Emaſculate and ſoft, in looſe attire
A ſenſual deity; his glory 'twas
In arts of baſe ſeduction to excel,
And leag'd with harlots to have turn'd the heart
Of that wiſe king, and drawn him from his God
To bend his aged knees at idol ſhrines.
Cloſe at his ſide ſtood one, in whoſe ſoft eyes

Enſnaring

Enſnaring ſmiles and beauteous ruin lurk'd;
Oh! that ſuch grace ſhould be allied to ſin;
Zidonian goddeſs, ASHTORETH her name;
Heav'n would not quite deſtroy ſo fair a work,
But wantonneſs uſurp'd an angel face,
And with her innocence had chang'd her ſex:
Yet let that ſex beware, for in their ſouls,
When once ſhe enters, peace no longer dwells;
Witneſs that Magdalen, whoſe frantic breaſt,
Till by CHRIST's mercy heal'd, ſeven dæmons rent,
All ſin-begotten, all her brood accurſt.
But SATAN, whoſe ſtern heart, ſtranger to love,
All weakneſs tho' in ſhape of ſin diſdain'd,
And only priz'd ſpirits more like himſelf,
Indignant turn'd aſide, and bent his eye
Where DAGON, giant god, amidſt the ranks,
Like Teneriff or Ætna, proudly tower'd:
DAGON of Gath and Aſkalon the boaſt
In that ſad flight, when on Gilboa's mount
The ſhield of Saul was vilely thrown away,
And Iſrael's beauty periſh'd: Him awhile

With ſcowling eye the infernal king ſurvey'd,
Then taunting cried, O DAGON, vaſt in ſize,
In ſoul diminutive, had that huge maſs
Valour proportionate, heav'n had been our's;
But fitter thou, dull ſpirit, to people hell
Than re-aſſault God's throne: Where was thy pride,
When overthrown in Gaza by the ſtrength
Of that uxorious Danite? Humbled now
I know thy nightly haunts, and how thou driv'ſt
Wretches poſſeſt to hide themſelves in tombs,
Whence I beheld thee 'midſt the herd unclean
Scour down the ſteep and plunge into the ſea.
But now a fairer form arreſts the eye
Of hell's deſpotic lord; his radiant veſt
Of Tyrian purple, ſtuddied thick with gems,
Flow'd graceful: He for courts was form'd, for feaſts,
For ladies, chambers and for amorous ſports;
He lov'd not camps nor the rude toils of war;
BELIAL his name; around his temples twin'd
A wreath of roſes, and, where'er he paſs'd,
His garments fann'd a breeze of rich perfume:

No ear had he for the ſhrill-toned trump,
Him the ſoft warble of the Lydian flute
Delighted rather, the love-ſoothing harp,
Sappho's looſe ſong and the Aonian Maids
And zoneleſs Graces floating in the dance;
Yet from his lips ſweet eloquence diſtill'd,
As honey from the bee, but ſtill his voice
Ne'er counſell'd aught but cunning and deceit,
Mean truce and baſe capitulating terms;
Therefore by SATAN held in ſlight account,
For devils affect a dignity in ſin.
Laſt in the field, and from the reſt apart,
Was MAMMON; cautious was his ſtep and ſlow,
His eye ſtill watchful to prevent ſurprize,
Squalid his veſture and his locks uncomb'd;
For gain and uſury engroſs'd his ſoul,
Nor other care had he but to amaſs
Wealth unenjoy'd, and gloat upon his hoard:
Had there been only happineſs in heav'n
And gold in hell, MAMMON had ſpurn'd the bliſs,
And hugg'd the treaſure cheaply earn'd with pain.

His princes thus review'd, from the hill top
SATAN ſwift-glancing flew, and in the midſt
Roſe like a meteor; whereat all the hoſt
Sent up a general ſhout: he with his hand
Gave ſign, and wheel'd the Stygian phalanx round,
Horrible ſight! A theatre of fiends,
And each the foe of man; idols and imps,
Wizzards, familiars, ſprites, phantaſmas, dreams,
Sorrows and pains and deaths in every ſhape
Cover'd the blaſted heath: Th' infernal king,
Tho' in his heart, by mutinous paſſions torn,
Thought claſh'd with thought, and all was anarchy,
Yet with aſſum'd compoſure beck'ning forth
His princes, whilſt th' inferior throng ſtood off,
And mute attention reign'd, in few thus ſpake:
Friends and confederates, welcome! for this proof
Of your affiance, thanks! On every call,
Whether we need your counſel or your arms,
Joyful I ſee your ready zeal diſplays
Virtues, which hell itſelf cannot corrupt.
I mean not to declame: The occaſion told

Speaks its own import, and the time's diſpatch
All waſte of words forbids. God's Son on earth,
CHRIST, the reveal'd Meſſias, how to oppoſe
Is now the queſtion; by what force, or power—
Temptations have been tried, I name not them—
Or dark conſpiracy, we may pull down
This ſun of righteouſneſs from his bright ſphere
Declare, who can: I pauſe for a reply.
Silence enſu'd, whilſt every eye was turn'd
Inſtinctively on BAAL; he of all
Hell's magi fill'd the ſeat of wiſdom chief:
Experienc'd long in craft, and nothing apt
To give ſtraight counſel, flow of ſpeech he was;
To hint, propound, dilate, and ſo entice
Other opinions forth, them to refute,
And thereon build his own, was all his art.
After long pauſe and heſitation feign'd,
Stale trick of orators, he thus began:
Why thus on me, as I were worthy, me,
Loſt being like yourſelves, as I alone
Cou'd compaſs this high argument, on me,

Leaſt in your ſapient conclave, why you point
Theſe ſcrutinizing looks, I muſe; and aw'd
By this your expectation fain wou'd ſhrink
From the great taſk to ſilence, had you not
O'er theſe poor faculties ſuch full controul,
As to put by all pleas, and call them forth
In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyſs,
Your's in all uſes, preſent at all hours.
Our kingly chief hath told us we are met
To combat CHRIST on earth: Be't ſo! We yet
May try our fortune in another field;
Worſe fortune than in heav'n befell our arms,
Worſe downfall than to hell, we cannot prove.
But with the ſcene our action too muſt change:
How? to what warfare? Circumvention, fraud,
Seduction; theſe are earthly weapons, theſe
As man to man oppoſes, ſo muſt we
To CHRIST incarnate. There be ſome, who cry,
Hence with ſuch daſtard arts! War, open war!
I honor ſuch bold counſellors, and yield
All that I can, my praiſe; till one be found,

One

One that may rival God's own Son in power,
And miracle to miracle oppoſe,
More than my praiſe I cannot, my aſſent
I will not give; 'twere madneſs: And how war
With God? what arms may we employ 'gainſt him,
Whoſe very prophets can call down heaven's fires
Upon our prieſts and altars? For myſelf,
What powers I had I ſhall not ſoon forget;
What I have left I know, and for your uſe
Shall huſband as I may, not vainly riſque
Where they muſt ſurely fail. The Jews pretend
That CHRIST colludes with Belzebub; the Jews
As far miſtake my nature as my name:
The fallacy, O peers, confutes itſelf,
Forg'd to diſparage CHRIST, not honor me:
Oh! that I had his wonder-working powers;
I'm not that fool to turn them on myſelf:
No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to loſe;
Though Babylon's proud ſhrines are laid in duſt,
Rome's capitol ſurvives, and thro' the world
Where'er her eagles fly, upon their wings

They bear my thunder and they ſpread my fame:
Therefore no more of Belzebub and CHRIST;
No league, no compact can we hold together.
What then enſues? Deſpair? Periſh the thought!
The brave renounce it, and the wiſe prevent;
You are both wiſe and brave. Our leader ſays
Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,
Himſelf the tempter. Who will tread that ground,
Where he was foil'd? For Adam a mere toy,
An apple ſerv'd; CHRIST is not brib'd by worlds:
So much the ſecond Man exceeds the firſt
In ſtrength and glory. But tho' CHRIST himſelf
Will not be tempted, thoſe who hear him may:
Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,
To murder; a rebellious race of old,
To kill a prophet or betray his God
What Jew was ever found to need the ſpur?
Wiſt ye not what a train this preacher hath,
What followers, what diſciples? Theſe are men,
Mere men, frail ſons of Adam, born in ſin.
Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

He

He ceas'd, but neither murmur nor applauſe
Follow'd his ſpeech, for MOLOCH, whoſe fell heart
Ill ſtomach'd this tame counſel, leaſt of all
Taunts thinly cover'd under maſk of praiſe,
Sprung forth impetuous, and with ſcowling brow
And accent acrimonious thus replied:
My thoughts it ſeems are known before I ſpeak;
War, open war is all my note: I riſe
To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart,
Where honeſty ſhou'd wear it, in my face;
That face from danger I did never hide,
How then from him? Nor am I by his praiſe
More honour'd than by his diſſenting voice:
For whilſt he counſels circumvention, fraud,
Seduction,—if my memory wrongs his words
I yield it to correction,—we ſtand off
Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd
When the great Tempter fail'd and in your ears
Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the laſt
Of plots and mean temptations; mean I call them,
For great names cannot ſanctify mean deeds:

SATAN

SATAN himſelf knows I oppos'd the attempt,
Appeal'd, proteſted; my thrice-honor'd chief
Knows it full well and bluſhes for th' event.
And are we now caballing how to outwit
A few poor harmleſs fiſhermen, for ſuch
Are CHRIST's diſciples; how to gull and cheat
Their ſimple hearts of honeſty? Oh peers,
For ſhame, if not for pity, leave them that,
That beggar's virtue: And is this the theme,
The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts
Of your immortal ſynod? Shame, Oh ſhame!
Princes, Dominions, Arch-angelic Thrones,
Imperial Lords! theſe were your titles once,
By theſe names ye were known above the ſtars,
Shame not your antient dignities, nor ſink
Beneath the vileſt of the ſons of men,
Whiſperers, informers, ſpies. If CHRIST be God,
Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God:
If man, and ſure his birth beſpeaks no more,
Why all this preparation, this conſult,
Theſe mighty machinations and cabals?

Off

Off with your foe at once, diſmiſs him hence·
Where all his brother prophets have been ſent;
Where his precurſer John is gone before,
Whoſe voice ſtill echoes thro' this wilderneſs:—
" Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand!
" Prepare ye the Lord's way!"—It is prepar'd;
It leads to death, it marſhals him the road
To that oblivious bourne, whence none return:
Herod yet lives; another royal feaſt,
Another wanton dance, and he, for whom
So many innocents were ſlain, ſhall fall.
Once vanquiſh'd, are we therefore to deſpair?
In heav'n unequal battle we provok'd;
Tho' vaſt our hoſt, the million was with God:
On earth enquire of all the nations round
Whom they will ſerve, with one voice they reply,
We are their gods; they feed us with their blood,
Their ſons and daughters they make paſs through fire
To do us grace; if their own fleſh they give,
Shall they with-hold to ſacrifice a foe?
Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,

And

And ten are loſt; of this ſmall remnant few
And wretched are the friends that league with Heav'n.
And where is now CHRIST's promis'd reign on earth?
When God's own ſervants riſe againſt his Son,
And thoſe, to whom the promiſes were giv'n,
Revolt from their Meſſias, can we wiſh
Greater revenge? What need have we to tempt
Them, who have hearts rebellious as our own,
As prompt to malice, no leſs prone to vex
God's righteous ſpirit? And let come what may,
It comes not to our loſs, rather our gain.
Let God ariſe to vengeance; let him pour
Deſtruction on his temple, whoſe proud heighth
Our chief can witneſs, meaſur'd by his fall:
Let him not leave one ſtone upon another,
As his raſh Son hath menac'd; let his wrath
Thro' all the inhoſpitable earth diſperſe
His ſcatter'd tribes; ſuch ever be the fate
Of all his worſhippers! May ſcorn, contempt,
Deriſion be their lot, and may their God
Never recall his curſe! Are we, O peers,

To mourn for his Jeruſalem? Our joy
Springs from confuſion; enmity 'twixt God
And man is our beſt triumph: For myſelf,
War is my harveſt, then my altars blaze
Brighteſt, when human victims feed the flame.
Breathleſs he paus'd, ſo rapid was the pulſe
Of his high-beating heart he ſtood as one
Choak'd and convuls'd with rage; when as he ceas'd,
He ſmote his mailed habergeon ſo loud
Hell's armed legions heard, and ſhook their ſpears
Betok'ning war: Frowning he look'd around,
Whilſt from his fiery eyes ſuch terror glanc'd,
It ſeem'd as if his pride meant to abaſh
And ſilence all oppoſers: Yet not long
His triumph, for now BELIAL from the ranks
Graceful advanc'd, and as he put aſide
His purple robe in act to ſpeak, the throng,
Such was the dazzling beauty of his form,
Fell back a ſpace; then ſtood all eyes and ears
In expectation mute as death: Though hell
Own'd not a ſpirit more falſe, ſenſual and baſe,

Yet

Yet ever as he ſpake ſuch action grac'd
His words, ſo muſically ſoft they flow'd,
Who moſt deſpis'd the pleader prais'd the ſpeech:
When thus with mild inſinuating looks
Maſking his rancorous heart, the Fiend began.
After ſo many peaceful ages paſt
Since firſt emerging from hell's dark abyſs,
Rous'd by our Arch-angelic Chief, we ſprung
Up to this middle region, and here ſeiz'd
On this terreſtrial globe, created firſt
For man, our vaſſal now, where at full eaſe,
Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,
We reign and revel undiſturb'd of Heav'n,
If God, whoſe jealouſy be ſure ill brooks
That this fair world ſhould be ſo long poſſeſs'd
Of us his exil'd angels, and his name
Pent up in Paleſtine, ſhould now arouſe
His ſlumb'ring wrath, and his beſt ſtrength put forth
To wreſtle for loſt empire, and our earth,
As we in evil hour his heav'n, aſſail,
Who of this mighty ſynod but muſt own

The

The provocation warrants the retort?
If then the Maker of mankind hath cauſe
To meditate their reſcue, we no leſs
Have cauſe to oppoſe th' attempt, and hold them faſt
To their allegiance in deſpite of Heav'n.
Much then we owe to our great Leader's care,
Which, ever watchful o'er the public weal,
Calls us to this full council, here to meet
In grave conſult how beſt we may repair
Paſt diſappointments, and repel the ſpite
Of this new champion, levell'd at our ſhrines.
Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,
And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name,
Nature and office to aſcribe to CHRIST;
In form the lowlieſt of the ſons of men,
In miracles omnipotent as God;
Whoſe voice controuls the ſtouteſt of our hoſt,
Bids the graves open and their dead come forth;
Whoſe very touch is health; who with a glance
Pervades each heart, abſolves it or condemns;
Whoſe virgin birth credulity ſcarce owns,

And

And Nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,
Immortal as himself be the renown
Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means
By force or fraud to overthrow the power
Of this mysterious foe, what shall I say?—
Priest, Prophet, King, Messias, Son of God.
Yet how God's unity, which well we know
Endures no second, should adopt a Son
And essence indivisible divide,
Baffles my weak conjecture: Let that pass!
To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith:
I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death
Gives sentence of mortality upon him.
Meanwhile let circumspection on our part
Fill all the anxious interim; alarm
Rome's jealousy, stir up the captious spleen
Of the proud Pharisee, beset him round
With snares to catch him, urge the envious priests,
For envy still beneath the altar lurks,
And note the man he trusts. MAMMON could tell,
Though MAMMON boasts not of his own success,

How

How few of human mould have yet withſtood
His glittering, golden lures. The ſword can kill
Man's body, gold deſtroys his very ſoul:
Yet mark me well, I counſel not to tempt
The Maſter; poverty can do no more
Than his own mortifying penance does,
Hunger and thirſt and obſtinately ſtarve,
When his mere wiſh could make the rock a ſpring,
And its hard fragments bread: Yet ſure I am
All are not CHRIST's in heart, who with their lips
Confeſs him; theſe are men, and therefore frail,
Frail and corruptible: And let none ſay,
Fear prompts this counſel; I diſclaim all fear
But for the general cauſe: In every heart
Nature hath built my altar; every ſect,
Nation and language with one voice confeſs
Pleaſure the ſovereign good: The Stoic churl,
The dogged Cynic ſnarling in his tub,
And all the ragged moralizing crew
Are hypocrites; philoſophy itſelf
Is but my votary beneath a cloak:

It harms not me, though every idol God
Were tumbled from his baſe; alike I ſcorn
Sampſon's ſtrong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal:
And let CHRIST preach his mortifying rules,
Let him go forth through all the Gentile world,
And on the ruin of our fanes erect
His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,
Still, ſtill man's heart will draw the ſecret ſigh
For pleaſures unenjoy'd; the gloomy cell
And melancholy faſt, the midnight prayer
And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp
Are penances, from which the ſenſe revolts,
Fines, that compounding ſuperſtition pays
For pleaſures paſt, or bribes for more to come.
Enough of this vain boaſt, here SATAN cried;
More than enough of theſe voluptuous ſtrains,
Which, tho' they lull the ear, diſarm the ſoul
Of its beſt attribute: Not gaudy flowers
Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed;
True wiſdom, ever frugal of her ſpeech,
Gives ſage advice in plain and homely words.

The

The ſum of all our reaſoning ends in this,
That nothing but the death of CHRIST can ſolve
The myſtery of his nature; till he falls
Scarce can I ſay we ſtand: All voices then,
Though varying in the means, conſpire his death;
Some cautiouſly as BAAL; ſome with zeal
Precipitate as MOLOCH, whoſe ſwift thought
Vaults over all impediments to ſeize
The goal of his ambition. But, O peers,
Our's is no trivial care; direct your ſight
Along the ranks of that redeemed hoſt;
On us hangs all their ſafety: Night and day
My anxious thoughts are labouring in their cauſe,
And whilſt CHRIST walks the earth I take no reſt,
A watchful ſpy for ever at his ſide,
Noting each word and deed; ſometimes I mix
With the ſelected Twelve that page his ſteps;
Of theſe, though ſome have waver'd, none is falſe
Save one alone, ISCARIOT he by name;
The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart;
I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes, hear!

This night the prieſts and elders will convene
Their ſecret conclave: I am in their hearts:
Burning with envy, malice and revenge,
Their only thought is how to tangle CHRIST,
In whom of force I own no guile is found,
But gentleneſs inſtead and perfect truth,
A lamb in nature without ſpot and pure,
Fit victim therefore for their Paſchal rites,
Which now are near at hand; apt is the hour,
Apt are the inſtruments. What now remains
But to ſend forth a tempter to perſuade
ISCARIOT to betray his Maſter's life,
And damn himſelf for gold? Speak, is there one,
One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes
Point out for this emprize? Moſt ſure there is;
BELIAL hath well predicted of our choice:
MAMMON, ſtand forth! On thee th' election lights.
He ſpake, and all approv'd, for choice ſo fit
None could oppoſe; when MAMMON thus replied.
Prince of this world! To whom theſe armies owe,
Loſt but for thee in everlaſting night,

The

The glorious proſpect of yon riſing ſun,
'Tis not to evade the labor, but prevent
The failure of your hopes, that I beſeech
Your wiſdom to correct it's choice, and lodge
This arduous embaſſy in abler hands:
Nathleſs if ſuch your will, and my compeers
Adjudge me to this ſervice, I ſubmit:
In me is no repugnance, no delay;
For ever what theſe toiling hands could do,
Or patient thoughts deviſe, that I have done;
Whether in heav'n ordain'd to undermine
God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig
The ſolid ſulphur of hell's burning ſoil,
Fearleſs I wrought, and, were there no tongues elſe
To vouch my ſervices, theſe ſcars would ſpeak.
How many daintier ſpirits do I ſee
Fair as in heav'n and in freſh bloom of youth,
Whilſt I, with ſhrivel'd ſinews cramp'd and ſcorch'd
'Midſt peſtilential damps and fiery blaſts,
Drag as you ſee a miſerable load,
Age-ſtruck without the laſt reſource of death:

This for myſelf, no more. You're not to know
The ſnares which I employ are golden ſnares;
Theſe are my arts, and like the crafty ſlave,
Who in Rome's Circus hurls the fatal net
Over his fierce purſuer, ſo oft times
Have I entangled the proud hearts of men,
And made their courage ſtoop to ſhameful bribes,
Paid for diſhoneſt deeds, perjuries and plots,
That draw them off from God, who elſe had fill'd
His courts ere now with gueſts and peopled heav'n.
Theſe weapons and theſe hands you ſtill command;
So dear I hold the general cauſe at heart,
So diſciplin'd am I in duty's ſchool,
That reckleſs of all hazard I preſent
Myſelf your ſervant, or, if ſo fate wills,
Your ſacrifice; for though from mortal man
Diſcomfiture I dread not, yet if CHRIST,
Whom the great Tempter foil'd not, ſhall ſtand forth
The champion of his follower, witneſs for me,
You my brave peers and this angelic hoſt,
I ſought not this bold heighth, whence if I fall,

I do

I do but fall where SATAN could not ſtand.
Go then, exclaim'd th' Arch-Enemy of man,
Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls:
Auſpicious thoughts engender in my breaſt,
And now prophetic viſions burſt upon me:
I ſee the traitor JUDAS with a band
Of midnight ruffians ſeize his peaceful Lord:
They drag him to the bar, accuſe, condemn;
He bleeds, he dies! Darkneſs involves the reſt.
Aſcend the air, brave ſpirit, and 'midſt the ſhout
Of grateful myriads wing thy courſe to fame.
He ſaid, and pointing to the ſacred towers
Of God's high temple, wav'd his ſceptred hand,
Whereat the infernal armies gave a ſhout
That ſhook the rocky deſart to its baſe:
Meanwhile the fiend, ambaſſador of hell,
Exulting heard his high election crown'd
With theſe applauding voices, and the call
Of his great Chieftain echo'd to the ſkies:
Pride ſwell'd his conſcious breaſt; no longer now
Crouching with age and pain, but nerv'd anew,

As with a ſpell transform'd, erect he ſtood
With towering ſtature talleſt of the throng,
And looks of high ſupremacy and ſtate.
And now from either ſhoulder he unfurl'd
His wide-ſtretch'd pinions, and upriſing ſwift
Tower'd in mid-air; the hoſt with loud acclaim
Hail'd his aſcent; he on the well-pois'd wing
Hover'd awhile, till from his cloudy heighth
Sweeping the wide horizon he deſcried
Far in the weſt the holy city of God,
His deſtin'd port, then to the orient ſun
Turn'd his broad vans, and plied their utmoſt ſpeed.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Mammon, alighting on the Holy Mount, assumes the form and character of a Levite, and under that appearance goes in search of Judas Iscariot. He meets that disciple most opportunely for his purpose in a solitary place, and entering into conversation with him, pretends a commission from the priests and elders for engaging him in their service with the promise of a reward, and urges many insidious arguments for detaching him from his Master: They separate with a promise on the part of Judas to report his final answer to the priests that evening. Christ is now brought to view sitting in the midst of his disciples at his Last Supper: He addresses them in those solemn and affecting terms recorded in the Gospel of St. John, washes their feet, foretells his death, and points out to them his betrayer in the person of Judas then present: The traitor, perceiving himself discovered, hastily departs. Christ, pitying the affliction of his disciples, tenderly consoles them with the promise of his support under their future tribulations, and concludes with an aweful invocation to the Father in their behalf: whereupon, warning them that his hour is come, he goes forth to the garden. A reflection, naturally springing from the subject, addressed to unbelievers, closes the book.

CALVARY.

BOOK II.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Now on the conſecrated Mount of God
Mammon, inviſible to mortal eye,
Stooping the wing from his aerial heighth
With feet unhallow'd lands; a direful peſt,
Fartheſt from heav'n of all that outcaſt crew,
Who fell from bliſs; fit meſſenger was he,
And fatal was their choice, who ſent him forth
To work corruption's purpoſe in man's heart;
For in his pow'r excelling he can take
The ſemblance of each virtue, ſhift each form,
And turn and turn new faces on the world,
Till he hath ſnar'd a ſoul; then he appears
In nature as he is, loathſome, obſcene,
Rapacious as thoſe filthy monſters feign'd
By fabling poets of amphibious breed,

Harpies,

Harpies, of earth and ocean the foul ſpawn,
Half brute, half human, with cadaverous face
Horribly pale, and hollow hungry eye,
Glaring aghaſt, with wings outſtretch'd to chace
And talons crook'd to pounce their mangled prey.
And now by dev'liſh ſpell transform'd he ſeems
A reverend Levite, bearded to the waiſt;
Hypocriſy ne'er wore a graver maſk:
And ſtill with wolf-like watch he prowls around,
If haply in thoſe haunts he might ſurprize
Occaſion to put forth his damning arts,
And from the flock of their good Shepherd cull
One tainted ſtraggler, one, whoſe ſordid ſoul
Avarice might tempt to take the price of blood,
And ſacrifice the Son of God for gold:
Of CHRIST no care had he, but to elude
His vigilance, which ſtill was all his dread;
Nor of the Twelve, ſave JUDAS, was there one
Whom to aſſail; on him alone, on him,
Son of perdition, reſted all the hopes
Of SATAN and his legions. Now the fiend

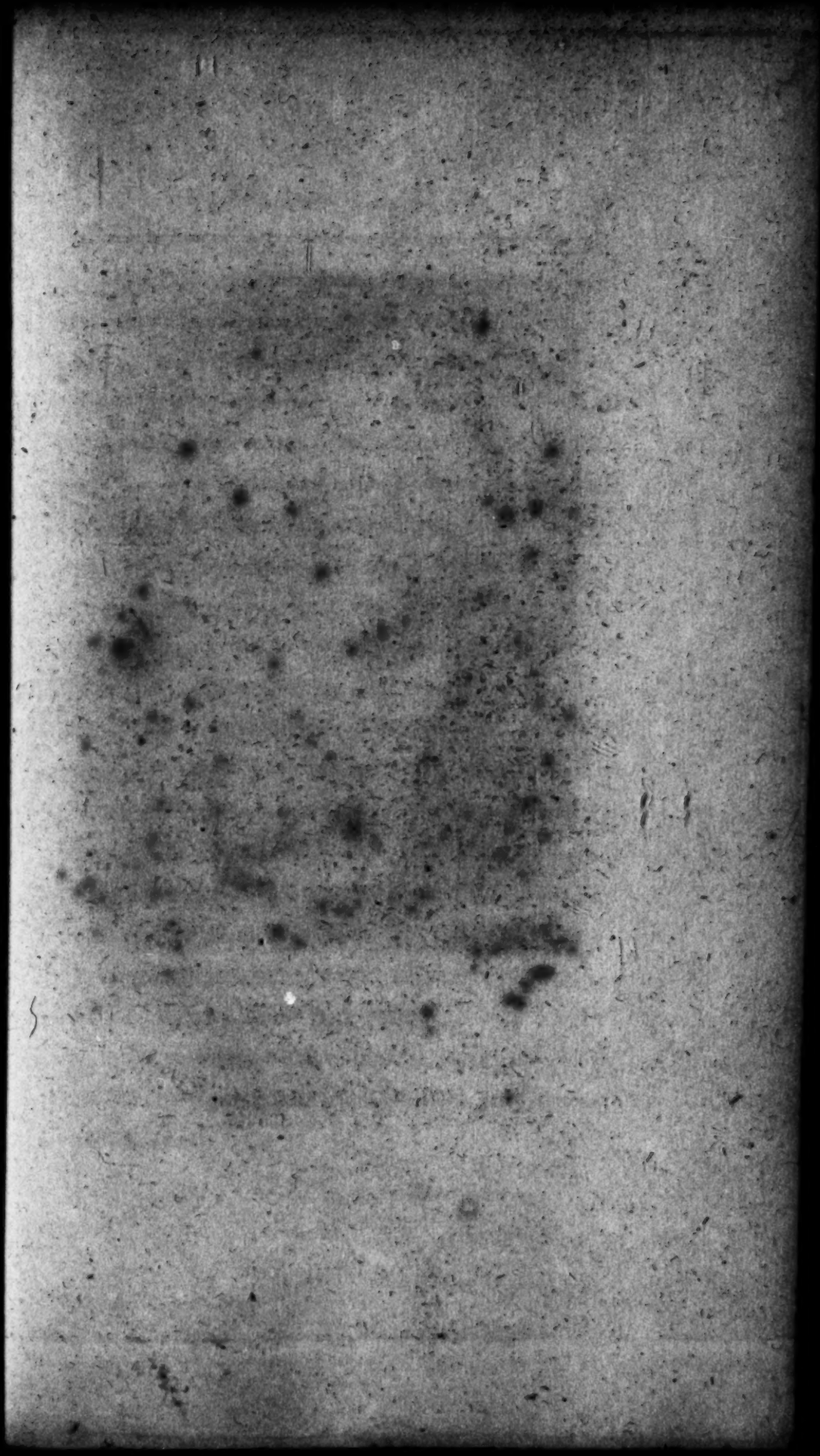
With

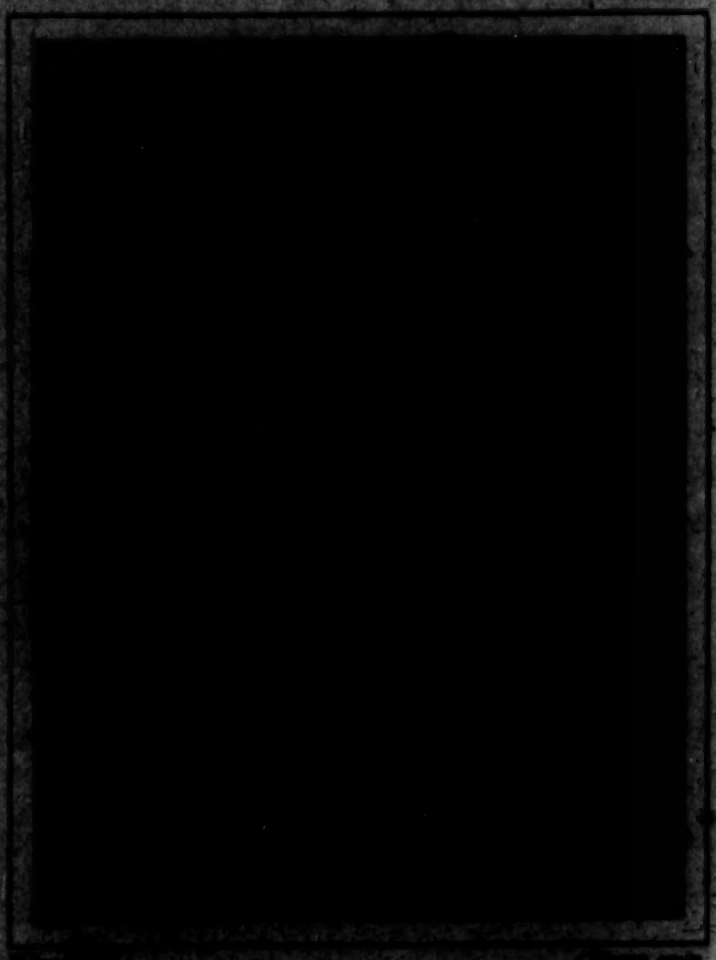
With ineffectual ſearch had coaſted all
The ſacred region round, and in the ſhade
Beneath the temple porch awhile repos'd,
Liſt'ning the converſe of the idle crowd,
The ſun then high at noon; and much they talk'd
Of CHRIST and his great miracles, of ſome
Elias deem'd, of ſome the Baptiſt John
Ris'n from the dead, but by all tongues confeſt
A prophet mighty both in word and deed:
Silent the whilſt in ſecret muſings wrapt
The wizard ſpirit ſtood, when all at once
Loud voices ſtrike his ear, and ſtrait comes one
Leaping and bounding 'midſt the ſhouting throng,
A cripple new reſtor'd; the very bed,
Which from his birth the palſied wretch had preſs'd,
Now in it's turn was carried, and to all
Triumphantly expos'd: Behold, he cried,
The token of my cure; I am the man
Whom ye all knew, and this the doleful bed,
On which, faſt bound in miſery and pain,
Helpleſs before your charitable gates

I laid

I laid and begg'd for pity and relief:
Lo! I am free! Mark how these new-found limbs
Nimbly the health-restoring voice obey!
CHRIST gave the word; he spake and I am whole.
This whilst he heard, conviction smote the fiend;
His conscious heart a sudden tremor seiz'd
And off he slunk abash'd: A winding path
Led down the mount, and here as he pursued
In gloomy thought his solitary way,
Behold by happy chance the man he sought,
ISCARIOT and alone: Joy flush'd the cheek
Of the incarnate dæmon, thus to find
His labour in auspicious moment crown'd.
Hail, son of Simon! peace be to thee, friend!
Fairly encounter'd art thou in good hour,
The priest-like Tempter cried; thy worth is known
To all our Levites, from whose tribe I come
With friendly greeting charg'd: This night they meet
In special conclave; our chief pontiff there
Will in the holy convocation move
Points of high import to our antient law,

Questions





Queſtions it much importeth thee to hear,
And well accepted ſhalt thou be of all,
Who with large recompence and honors due
Will greet thee ſo complying: I have ſaid.
Grave Sir, I know thee not, JUDAS replied;
Yet for thy greeting thanks, and peace for peace,
As holy men becomes. To him the fiend.
Unknown I well may be, who night and day
Serving God's altar rarely ſtir abroad,
And little commerce hold with this great world;
But thee I know one of that Teacher's train,
Who walks at large, nor ſhuns the haunts impure
Of ſinners and of publicans: Alas!
That one of thy wiſe bearing ſhould be ſeen
In ſuch baſe fellowſhip, paging his ſteps,
Calling him Lord and Maſter, whom the world
In mere deriſion ſuffers to grow up
To full-blown vanity, at once to cruſh.
But good report is pregnant with thy name,
As one exempted from the general ſcorn;
And ſure I am thou wilt not ſo abaſe

And

And lower thy nobler thoughts to one so mean,
Vile and mechanic; to the driv'ling crew
Of children and of women leave that talk,
To Peter and his brethren of the net:
Fine reas'ning we shall have, and well be school'd,
When fishermen turn preachers and instill
Doctrines and laws, which Moses never taught.
Woe to our scribes! Rare mockery of the world
And the world's wisdom, if these simple folk,
Lur'd from their daily drudgery, should set up
Fishers of men; the synagogue, to them
A barren element, will never yield
Such gainful earnings as the sea affords.
And what is CHRIST, that JUDAS so should court
His starving service? What so tempting lure
Hath this deceiver to beguile thy hopes?
Not of this world my kingdom, he hath said;
Yet of this world are we, in this alone
We live and move, here only we expect
Or pain or pleasure, all that lies beyond
In the unknown abyss is dark as death.

And wherefore carrieſt thou that bag about?
A beggar needs no treaſurer, and thy Lord
Feeds but by miracle: Alas for him,
Who ſerves a maſter, that keeps Sabbath faſts
Forty long days in the bare wilderneſs,
Makes poverty his paſſport into heav'n,
And bids us throw away life's preſent means
For doubtful chance of intereſt after life!
And art thou of all reaſon ſo bereft
As to account proſperity a crime,
Or think none bleſt but him, whoſe every ſtep
Through miſery's thorny path is mark'd with blood?
O ſon of Simon, take thy laſt reſolve;
Either reſign thy body to the worm,
And die with CHRIST, or him renounce, and live
Rich, honor'd, proſperous, and enjoy the world.
The Fiend now paus'd, well pleas'd that he had gain'd
Audience ſo large; when JUDAS, in whoſe ſoul
The pois'nous inſtillation 'gan to work,
Thus to corruption's advocate replied.
That CHRIST, rejected and deſpis'd of men,

Hath in this world no part I freely grant;
Therefore if we his followers, who renounce
Things preſent, build our hopes upon a dream
Of what ſhall never come, we are of all
Moſt miſerable; if we, who bid farewel
To all that Nature holds moſt dear to ſhare
Sorrows and pains and poverty with CHRIST,
Find not thoſe bliſsful manſions in the heav'n
Which he hath promis'd; if, when all is paſt
And this ſad ſcene concludes, no reck'ning comes,
No grateful compenſation after death,
Hard is our fate, and much hath he abus'd
Our weak credulity; but ſtill theſe hopes
Of an expected glory, though with doubt
And darkneſs clouded, faint yet not extinct,
Yield not to words; words made them what they are,
CHRIST's words, and ſurely man ne'er ſpake like him;
Wherefore if theſe your doctors of the law
Invite me to their conclave but to hear
A railing accuſation, I hold off
From their aſſembly, and to CHRIST adhere,

As

As to the better reas'ner; and though poor
The ſervant, equal is the Maſter's lot,
Poor as the pooreſt, houſeleſs and forlorn,
A man of ſorrows; nor can we complain,
Whilſt he of all we ſuffer ſtill partakes,
Firſt in all labours, penances and pains.
You aſk, and bid me take my laſt reſolve,
If I will give this body to the worm
And die with CHRIST: To die is Nature's dread;
Inſtinctively ſhe loaths the gloomy grave,
And turns a longing eye to light and life;
But fortune gives to all things their degrees;
To them, who baſk in ſunſhine thro' the day,
Night comes with double ſadneſs, whilſt to me,
Who toil from morn to noon, from noon to eve,
Yet nothing but a dim horizon ſee
Low'ring in clouds, darkneſs is nothing ſtrange,
Nor death a terror: Wealth preſents no dower
To wed me to the world; no pleaſures cling
Around my heart; no ſoft affections woo
My longer ſtay on earth, there to prefer

Brief joys poſſeſs'd to hope of future bliſs.
Thus whilſt he 'plain'd the ſubtle Tempter's ear
Caught the ſoft murmur that betrays the ſoul,
The ſigh capitulating virtue breathes,
When from her laſt defences ſhe retreats;
Whereat a bolder tone he now aſſum'd,
And thus the wav'ring falſe diſciple plied.
All joys that gold can purchaſe wait your choice;
Rich to your heart's ambition you ſhall be,
Nor only rich, but reſcued from a doom
So dreadful, had you all the wealth in ſtore,
Which the ſea covers or the earth contains,
'Twere well beſtow'd to purchaſe your redemption.
With CHRIST impending death, with me you meet
Life with encircling pleaſures. Throw aſide
That beggar's purſe, your ſtarving office ſpurn;
Serve God's high prieſt, whoſe treaſury is full;
Caſt thoſe few mites away, the ſcanty dole
Of ſome contaminating leper's hand,
For which you bid God heal him and paſs on;
Whilſt he, good cred'lous ſoul, cries out amain,

As

As powerful fancy works, Lo! I am clean;
Behold a miracle! But gold performs
Greater and happier miracles than this:
Gold with a touch can heal the mind's diſeaſe,
Quicken the ſlow-pac'd blood, and make it dance
In tides of rapture through each thrilling vein;
Caſt out that worſt of dæmons, poverty,
And with a ſpell exorciſe the ſad heart,
Haunted with ſpectres of deſpair and ſpleen.
If then this prize can tempt thee, if thy ſoul
Still thirſts for life, for riches, for repoſe,
If in thy breaſt there dwells that manly ſcorn,
Which ſlighted merit feels, when envious pride
Thruſts it aſide to build th'unworthy up,
Now, now aſſert it; from a Maſter turn,
Who turns from thee, who before thee exalts
Thy meaner brethren, Peter, James and John:
On them his partial ſmile for ever beams,
They have his love, his confidence, his heart;
Of them revolting he might well complain,
Of thee he cannot; thine were juſt revenge:

He is no traitor, who reſents a wrong;
Who ſhares no confidence, can break no truſt.
Bid conſcience then be ſtill, let no weak qualms
Damp thy reviving ſpirit; but when night
Wraps her dark curtain round this buſy world,
Come thou to CAIAPHAS; there will be found
Our prieſts and ſcribes in council to attaint
And bring to judgment this preſumptuous man,
Who boaſts himſelf Meſſias Son of God.
If thou, to whom his midnight haunts are known,
His ſecret incantations and his ſpells,
By which he does thoſe feats that cheat our ſight,
Wilt to thoſe guilty haunts conduct our guard,
And render up his perſon to the law,
Much praiſe and large reward ſhalt thou receive;
If thou wilt not—But wherefore ſhould I doubt?
I would perſuade, not threaten: Know withal
It is not thou, 'tis juſtice gives the blow;
The law will have its victim. Thinkeſt thou
That we, to whom the cuſtody is given
Of God's prophetic oracles, ordain'd

To

To guard his worſhip and expound his laws,
Will let this innovating Teacher ſpurn
Our holy order, mock our ancient rites,
Prophane our Sabbaths, and himſelf exalt
Co-equal with Jehovah, to confound
His unity, and claim divided power?
No, let death arbitrate 'twixt him and us;
If he be very CHRIST, death ſhall not dare
To aim his dart at immortality;
His incorruption ſhall defy the grave:
If man, blaſpheming man, he juſtly dies.
Living or dying thus his fate diſpels
All myſtery; truth ſtarts of force to light,
And God is glorified in either caſe.
He ceas'd, and on the Traitor fix'd a look,
Which, like the ſerpent's faſcinating eye,
Gaz'd motion's power away; ſullen he ſtood,
As with a ſpell entranc'd; the aweful ſenſe
Of his great Maſter's virtue and the dread
Of an hereafter terrible to thought,
No longer ſerv'd to hold the wizard fiend

And his fell arts at bay: The word of truth,
Sown on the ſurface of his ſtony heart,
Had periſh'd without root; religion's lamp,
Faint and more faint as MAMMON's crafty breath
Blew up the ſtorm of paſſion, now expir'd
In his benighted ſoul; there rankling pride,
Malicious envy, avarice and revenge,
Leagu'd with hell's miniſter and uncontroul'd
Their impious orgies held. At length the wretch,
To calm deliberate treachery reſign'd,
With all th' unrighteous Mammon in his heart
And vile prevarication on his lips,
Thus with conſent in dubious phraſe implied
The grand ſeducer of mankind diſmiſs'd.

Great is the peril of the attempt you urge,
For great the power of him you would deſtroy:
Therefore if I demand ſome pauſe for thought,
Deem it not much. Your offers ſhall be weigh'd;
But now no more: Occaſions call me hence;
This night the Maſter hath convok'd the Twelve
To keep the ſacred feaſt, ordain'd of God

With

With bread unleven'd and the Paſchal lamb:
Thither, tho' laſt and in his favor leaſt,
I go, a cited gueſt: There whilſt I ſit
Unnotic'd at his table's loweſt foot,
My meditations ſhall recall your words,
And ponder them apart. Say to your prieſts,
Thoſe conſervators of our ancient law,
This night they may expect my laſt reſolve.
And now behold the length'ning ſhadow marks
The ev'ning hour, that warns me hence: Farewell!
This ſaid, their conf'rence ended, they embrace
As friends, who plight their faith: Upon the touch,
So quick th' infection ran, ſo dire the blight,
The pois'nous ferment on the inſtant reach'd
ISCARIOT's tainted heart, and now he burnt
With the fell luſt of gold. Joy ſeiz'd the Fiend;
For well he knew how mortal to the ſoul
That deadly aconite, the growth of hell.
Oh! wretch for ever loſt, for ever curſt,
Whom Mammon thus embraces! Who ſhall wake
Thy conſcience from its lethargy? Who now

Shall

Shall ſtop the courſes of that baneful drug,
And ſtem the ſwift deſtruction? 'Tis too late:
Better for thee hadſt thou ne'er ſeen the light,
Or loſt it ere this fatal hour had birth.
Thy doom is ſeal'd; hell hath its hour of joy,
Thou, traitor, an eternity of woe:
The meditation of thy heart ſhall hurl
Thee to perdition and thy Lord to death.
Now JUDAS down the mountain turn'd his ſteps;
Not ſo the Tempter; he from the high rock,
Exalted where he ſtood, his impious eye
Glanc'd o'er the city of God full in his view
From Eaſt to Weſt in moony creſcent ſtretch'd.
Here yet JEHOVAH was ador'd, here reign'd;
All elſe to SATAN and his idol gods
Thro' earth's wide range belong'd; to their dire name
Each temple echo'd, every knee was bow'd:
How oft, ev'n here upon his holy hill,
Did Judah's kings with their polluted groves
Affront God's houſe, and pagan altars raiſe
To Chemos, Milcom, Aſhtaroth and all

The hoſt of heav'n within his ſacred courts!
Witneſs that impious king, who paſs'd his ſon
Through fire to Moloch, homicidal God,
Which rous'd th' Almighty's vengeance, and entail'd
Mournful captivity on all his race.
Hither, as to the delug'd world of old,
In promis'd time the dove of peace was ſent;
Upon this Ararat, his ſacred mount,
He reſted; hence ſalvation dawn'd on man:
Him to deſtroy the tempter now aſpir'd,
Secure of his new convert firmly leagu'd
In his dire plot and to perdition ſeal'd:
Nor reſted on that mount the darkling Fiend,
Nor further need had he of prieſtly garb,
Than till he ſaw ISCARIOT join the train
Of CHRIST and his diſciples; then at once
To his own airy properties diſſolv'd
A ſpi'rit inviſible, with eager ſpeed
To hell's aſſembled chiefs he wing'd his flight.
The ſun had ſunk beneath the Weſtern hills,
And now at ev'ning hour the Jews prepare

To

To celebrate their Paſſover, ordain'd
T' eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath
Smote ev'ry firſt-born male in Mizraim's coaſt,
Save where the blood of lamb piacular,
Sprinkling the conſecrated door, was found
Of the deſtroying angel: To this feaſt,
Preluſive of his own pure ſacrifice
And type of his blood-ſhedding, JESUS came:
The gueſts were preſent and the table ſpread;
With loins begirt, as men upon the march,
And ſtaff in hand, they ſnatch a haſty meal:
This done, in penſive meditation rapt,
The Savior, conſcious of impending death,
Sate in the midſt; to his all-preſent mind
The treaſon and the traitor ſtood confeſt.
Low'ring, abaſh'd and from the reſt apart,
ISCARIOT at the table's loweſt foot
Took poſt, where beſt he might eſcape that glance,
From whoſe intelligence no heart could hide
Its guilty meditations: All eyes elſe
Were center'd on the Savior's face divine,

Which

Which with the brightneſs of the Godhead mix'd
Traces of human ſorrow, and diſplay'd
The workings of a mind, where mercy ſeem'd
Struggling to reconcile ſome mortal wrong
To pardon and forbearance: Such a look
Made ſilence ſacred, every tongue was mute;
Ev'n PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,
Or ſpent itſelf in murmurs half ſuppreſt.
At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,
Where gentle reſignation, tempering grief,
Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,
And with theſe words the awful ſilence broke.
Muſe not if I am ſad, nor ſtand aghaſt
As doubtful of my conſtancy; theſe pangs
And more which I muſt ſuffer were foreſeen;
The hour now coming comes not by ſurprize,
It is the conſummation of my charge,
And fills the meaſure of atonement up.
Shall I then ſay, Father, avert this hour,
And ſave me from theſe agonies? Not ſo.
With heart prepar'd to ſuffer and ſubmit

I meet

I meet my doom forewarn'd: Yet ere we part
Take this laſt office from your Maſter's hands;
And when you ſee me ſtoop to waſh your feet,
As ſoon as you ſhall, remember 'tis your Lord,
Your dying Lord this legacy bequeaths,
And edify by his humility.
This ſaid, his ſeamleſs mantle he threw off,
And girt his tunic cloſe about his waiſt;
And now with mute amazement they beheld
The Son of God in ſervant-like attire
Prepar'd to execute his menial taſk.
All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd;
None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,
Till he, whoſe heart was ever on his lips,
PETER, in warm expoſtulation cried:
Lord, doſt thou waſh my feet, thy ſervant's feet,
Mean as the duſt he treads on? Never, Lord,
Never ſhalt thou do that for one ſo vile,
So all-unworthy: That be far from thee!
Such homage ill beſeemeth thee to pay,
Me to receive.—To him the Lord replied:

PETER,

PETER, as yet thou know'ſt not what I do,
Hereafter thou ſhalt know; therefore no more:
Ceaſe to oppoſe, for if I waſh thee not,
With me thou haſt no part.—Struck to the ſoul
With horror at the thought, his eager words,
Wing'd with the flame of rhapſody, burſt forth:
Oh! not my feet alone, my hands, my head,
Waſh me all o'er, and ſanctify each part.
There needs not this, the meek REDEEMER cried,
Enough is done; thus waſh'd, though but in part,
Thou ſhalt be clean throughout: Yet I'll not ſay
Ye are all clean: Spite of the Shepherd's care
The taint hath touch'd his flock. Alas! for him
On whom the foul contamination lights;
Woe to that wretch that ever he was born!
And do ye need a comment to expound
This leſſon of humility and love?
Ye call me Lord and Maſter; well ye ſay,
For ſuch in truth I am; if then your Lord
Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce
Pride and contention? If the Maſter ſtoops

To

To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less
To these your equal brethren? Learn of me,
And each with other deal, as I with you:
Write on your hearts my words; the time draws nigh
When I shall speak no more with you on earth:
Ye have all heard; how blest if ye obey!
I speak not of you all: Whilst here ye sit
In seeming fellowship around my board,
Sharing this social meal, my last on earth,
Doubt not but I can search into your breasts,
And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false;
And mark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,
Not unpredicted is the trait'rous act,
And well I know the wretch, whose faithless hand
Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd
With my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,
Deceiv'd I cannot be.——This when they heard,
Each with the other interchang'd a look
Of question and suspect; speechless they star'd,
Confounded and aghast: As men drawn forth
For decimation tremble to unfold

The

The lot of life or death, ſo theſe in doubt
On whom the word of prophecy might light,
Curious yet fearful to enquire of CHRIST,
Search'd their own hearts in ſilence. All perceiv'd
Omniſcience, which to God alone belongs,
Familiar with their thoughts, and every ſoul,
Save that dire wretch whom conſcience only ſmote,
Trembled leſt unpremeditated guilt
Might be denounc'd upon him, or the ſin
Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord
With the whole congregation to be wroth.
But PETER, in whoſe ever-anxious mind
Theſe terrors undiſpell'd long could not dwell,
To the belov'd Diſciple, on the breaſt
Of CHRIST reclining, now gave ſign to aſk
The fearful queſtion, in what traitor's heart
Plot ſo accurs'd could harbour. Thus beſought,
Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,
In accent ſoft, with ſupplicating eye
Turn'd on the Maſter, the meek ſuitor ſaid;
Lord, ſhew thy true and faithful ſervants grace,

And let us know the traitor.—He it is,
Jesus replied, on whom I shall bestow
This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup.
He said, and as he plung'd the morsel in,
All eyes were fix'd upon the fatal work,
Wond'ring on whom he would bestow the spell;
And soon with silent horror they beheld
The saturated sop to Judas giv'n,
Pledge of perdition; he with greedy haste
Devour'd it, by the fiend within him urg'd;
For Mammon to the dark divan had told
The joyful tidings, and had posted back
Swift as the magic whirlwind conjur'd up
By all hell's wizard imps could drive him on,
And now sate nestling in the traitor's heart,
Brooding his filthy spawn: Great was the joy
Of the infernal tempter, thus to find
That guardian Pow'r, whose providence he fear'd,
By these symbolic elements withdrawn,
And his apostate victim now cast out
From the Lord's Supper, alien from God's grace,

And

And ſoul-ſurrender'd to hell's gloomy realm.
Now, as the ſpell within him 'gan to work,
The traitor's viſage, like the troubled ſea
Uptorn and furrow'd with tempeſtuous winds,
ſhifted it's hues, now deadly pale, aghaſt
And horror-ſtruck, now fiery red, deform'd
With helliſh rage, and from man's ſemblance chang'd
To very dæmon, terrible to ſight.
Oh! what a fall from heav'n to deeper hell
Than thought can fathom, horrors worſe than heart
Of man, unleſs abandon'd of his God,
Can ſuffer or conceive! Words do but fail
To paint that unreveal'd abyſs, thoſe depths
Of the immeaſu'rable profound, where groans,
Wailings and woes and toſſings amidſt fires
Unquenchable await the wretch condemn'd!
Meanwhile in cloudleſs majeſty and mild
The Savior's face divine on all around
Effulgent beam'd; about his temples ſhone
A radiant glory: This when JUDAS ſaw,
Whom now the ſpi'rit of darkneſs had poſſeſs'd,

And none ſuch in the ſphere of that pure light
Long could abide, he ſtarted from his couch
Prepar'd for flight, when thus in few the Lord—
Go then! and what thou haſt in hand to do,
Do quickly; ſo depart!—The word of power,
Though gentle yet commanding, JUDAS heard,
And inſtantly the ſpirit took him thence;
Nor could he not obey, for ſo rebuk'd
The prince of hell, SATAN himſelf, had fled.
The faithful remnant ſate in mute ſuſpenſe,
Pondering what this diſmiſſion might import.
The Maſter with a glance diſcern'd their thoughts;
He ſaw them in profound conjecture loſt,
Humbled in heart and ſad, their honor ſtain'd
By baſe defection, and their faith convuls'd:
When thus, at once to ſtrengthen and conſole
Their wav'ring minds, theſe healing words he ſpake.
Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe
In God, believe alſo in me his Son.
Doubt not but in the compaſs of the heav'ns
My Father will provide for all his Saints

Manſions

Manſions of peace, ſeats of eternal bliſs,
Where ſpi'rits made perfect after death ſhall dwell,
And reſt from earthly toils: Thither I go
To ſeal your ſure election, and prepare
For you my faithful ſervants an abode;
That, as in ſorrow here, ſo there in bliſs
With me your Lord, now dying for your ſakes,
Ye may ſurmount the grave, and ever live
In heavenly communion undiſturb'd.
Lament not therefore if I now depart,
Your provident precurſor, for ye know
Whither I go, and alſo know the way.
Lord, we are ignorant and dim-ſighted men,
THOMAS replied, we ſee not what thou ſee'ſt;
And as it ſtands not in our reach to gueſs
Whither thou go'ſt, how ſhould we know the way?
I am the way, th' inſpired Teacher cried,
I am the Truth, the Life: None can approach
The Father but by me; me had ye known,
This blindneſs had been done away, and now
Behold Him preſent!—Where? ſtill doubting cried

One of th' aſtoniſh'd number; Oh! impart
That intellectual viſion to diſcern
And ſee the Father; ſet Him in our view
In form demonſtrative; we aſk no more.
Say'ſt thou? reſum'd the Lord, and have I been
So long familiar yet ſo little known?
Will not the works, O PHILIP, I have done,
Done in thy ſight, inſtruct thee whence I am,
And what my power? Doth there need light for this?
'Midſt the broad blaze of proofs that ſhines about thee
Can'ſt thou not ſee God's preſence in his power?
Of this mortality which ye behold,
This fleſhly ſelf, I ſpeak not; 'tis the Spirit,
The virtue of my Father, which is in me,
In act how viſible, in voice how ſtrong,
Clear and expreſs! And can you ſee and hear
And yet withhold belief? Oh, ſlow of faith!
If words cannot perſuade, let works convince:
If miracles, which only God can do,
Are done before your eyes, how ſay you then,
Shew us the Father? Sanctify your hearts

From

From fear and terror; though the hour comes on,
When to the ſilent manſions of the dead
From this impeni'tent world I muſt withdraw,
Mourn not, but let your grief be turn'd to joy;
For as in me the Father, ſo in Him
I live and move; my Spirit, though unſeen
Still preſent, ſhall protect and hover o'er you.
I will not leave you comfortleſs; my name
Shall be your tower of refuge; with my peace
Now dying I endow you; of that peace
The powers of this world never ſhall deſpoil you,
And in my Name whatever ye ſhall aſk
Believing, ye ſhall have: By faith in me
Ye ſhall command the elements, uplift
The everlaſting mountains by their roots,
And whelm them in the centre of the ſea:
This in my Name potential ye ſhall do,
And greater works than this: By faith in me
Ye ſhall confront th' oppreſſor; 'midſt the ſhock
Of tribulations and the angry ſcorn
Of a malignant world, abhorr'd, deſpis'd,

Thruſt from their ſynagogues, ye ſhall poſſeſs
Your ſouls in patience, glorying to endure
Like tribulation with your martyr'd Lord.
Deſpair not therefore, for before that day
A Comforter ſhall come, whom I will ſend,
And he ſhall teach you all things. When ye ſtand
Before the judgment ſeat of impious men
Friendleſs, accus'd, environ'd with a throng
Of perjur'd witneſſes athirſt for blood,
Your Guardian Spirit ſhall provide a voice,
Action and eloquence, and prompt your lips
With untaught languages to ſound my Name
With tongue miraculous through all the world.
Wars then and rumors and portentous ſigns,
Famine and earthquakes and diſaſtrous plagues
Shall vex the nations; prophets ſhall ariſe
With lying divinations to confound
The weak, pervert the wavering and perplex
The very Saints themſelves. Await the time;
Theſe are but harbingers of mightier woes;
The day of terror is but in it's dawn:

The

The powers of earth and heav'n muſt undergo
Direful convulſion; this majeſtic pile,
This temple, ſhall become ſo mere a wreck,
That not one ſtone ſhall reſt upon another:
Then ſhall your hour of tribulation come;
Then to confeſs my Name ſhall be your crime
By torture and by death to be aton'd:
The tyrants of the world ſhall then let looſe
Their perſecuting rage, and great ſhall be
The falling-off of many; rocks and caves
Shall be your hiding-places, yet from thence
Your ſound ſhall echo to the fartheſt ends
Of the redeemed earth; from thoſe dark cells
The beams of revelation ſhall break forth,
Maugre the pow'rs of hell; and bleſt is he,
Whoſe faith unſhaken ſhall abide the time,
Till the great end and conſummation comes
My peace and my ſalvation to enſure.
Few are the moments now and paſſing ſwift,
Which thus converſing we have yet in hand.
Servants no more, henceforth I call you friends;

Therefore,

Therefore, as friends and children, let your love
Each to the other knit your hearts together
In brotherly communion; this command,
Now to the world, I give you: Let good will,
And peace and concord harmonize your ſouls,
And mark you as the followers of him,
Whoſe every act was charity, whoſe life
Was ſpent and clos'd expiring for your ſakes:
And ſtronger proof of love what man can give,
Than to yield up his body to the grave,
And die, as ſhortly I ſhall, for his friends?
Time was that I have ſhadow'd out my ſpeech
In proverbs and alluſions; time now is
To caſt obſcurity aſide and ſhew
Th' unveiled glories of the Father to you.
Henceforward ye ſhall aſk of Him and have;
My Name for your petitions ſhall ſuffice;
My prayers ye need not, for the Father's love
Without an interceſſor ſhall protect
Mine, as you love me, and prevent your wants.
From Him I came into this world, to Him,

This

This world now leaving, I again return.
This ſaid, conviction ſmote their glowing hearts
With faith, and hope's bright image new inſpir'd,
And ſcenes of future glory beaming on them:
When thus with voices join'd in loud acclaim
CHRIST in the Godhead manifeſt they hail'd.
Now, Lord, we hear and underſtand thy words,
Plain words and not in parables involv'd:
Now are we ſure all knowledge is reveal'd,
All pow'r committed to thee from above,
And without further queſtion we believe
And henceforth know thou cameſt forth from God.
Do ye at length believe? the Maſter cried;
Behold, the hour comes on, yea now is come,
When your ſtrong faith ſhall ſtagger at the ſcene
Of theſe impending horrors, and ſhrink back
Confounded and appall'd; to the four winds,
Wide as your fears can ſpread you, all ſhall fly,
And leave me ſtruggling with a ſtorm of woes
Unfriended and alone; what did I ſay?
Alone I cannot be, for in me dwells

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Each to the other knit your hearts together
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And mark you as the followers of him,
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Was ſpent and cloſ'd expiring for your ſakes:
And ſtronger proof of love what man can give,
Than to yield up his body to the grave,
And die, as ſhortly I ſhall, for his friends?
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The

The Father ever preſent: Let this thought
Arm you with conſtancy to meet the ſhock
Of tribulation, and withſtand the powers
Of this brief world; for to your comfort know,
I have o'ercome the world. This ſaid, he paus'd,
And ſate, whilſt all were huſh'd, as one entranc'd,
So faſt the heav'nly viſion pour'd upon him:
Then with uplifted eyes and heaving breaſt,
Full of his God, this ſolemn pray'r breath'd forth.
O Father! give thy glory to the Son,
As he hath glorified thy Name on earth,
And theſe, whom thou haſt giv'n him, taught to know
Thee, the true God alone, and JESUS CHRIST
Thy meſſenger and advocate with thee
For loſt mankind. Father! To me reſtore
That glory, which was mine before all time,
Or e'er the world was made and man fell off
From his obedience, now at length redeem'd
From ſin by my atonement, and made heir
Of life eternal, purchas'd with my blood.
The act of mediation is complete;

Thy

Thy work is finiſh'd and thy Name gone forth
To theſe of thine election: Thine they were,
To me thou gav'ſt them, and they have receiv'd
And kept as faithful witneſſes thy Word.
For them I pray: The world, which now I leave,
Hath no more part in me; for them alone,
Not for the world, I pray; they muſt abide,
I ſhall depart and be at peace with Thee.
O holy Father! keep them in thy Name
Whole and entire, link'd in the bond of faith,
Firm as I hold them. One alone is loſt,
Son of perdition; him the prophets ſaw
In their proſpective viſions, and foretold
That ſo thy Son ſhould ſuffer; but for theſe,
They are unſtain'd, they ſtand not in the guilt
And condemnation of that wretch accurſt.
I pray thee not to take them from the world,
Through which I ſend them forth as ſhining lights
To draw men's eyes and hearts, and guide their ſearch
To the bright ſource, whence thy ſalvation beams.
Theſe are my miniſters, as I am thine:

Oh!

Oh! ſanctify them through thy truth! For them,
And all through them converted to thy word,
Father! I pray. Tranſlate them in thy time
From this unquiet world to that high ſtate
Of heav'nly bliſs, where they may dwell with me
And ſee my glory: So ſhall they receive
Thy love, through me transfus'd into their hearts,
And reſt from all their ſorrows in thy peace.
So ſpake the Lord, and with theſe gracious words
His faithful remnant cheer'd, for ſoft they fell
As heav'n's bleſt dew upon the thirſty hills,
And ſweet the healing balm, which they diſtill'd
On ſorrow-wounded ſouls.—Now treach'rous eve
Crept ſilent on, and threw her duſky veil
O'er Nature's face, maſking the deeds of men:
The Savior roſe, for in his conſcious breaſt
A warning voice had whiſper'd, Up, ariſe,
Go forth to death! One ſolemn act remains,
One ſacrifice; 'tis now God's wrath demands
Atonement, a whole world's redemption now
Hangs on the minute's point. Behold him then,

A voluntary

A voluntary victim, leading forth
His ſad diſciples to the fatal ſpot,
Where treaſon lurk'd in ambuſh for his life,
Where ſtood the prince of darkneſs and his pow'rs
Arm'd with commiſſion'd terrors to aſſail
Him ſingle, him forſaken, him oppos'd
To myriads, whilſt Heav'n's angels ſoar'd aloof
Trembling ſpectators of th' unequal ſtrife.
Who now ſo comfortleſs as God's own Son?
His ſoul in woes unutterable whelm'd,
All commerce with its native heav'n denied,
Preſs'd down to earth; nor other ſtrength had he,
Than in his human nature might be found,
To combat more than human agonies,
Accumulated pangs, which all the ſins
Of all the world, from loſs of Paradiſe
By man's firſt fall to the laſt damning page
Of heav'n's black regiſter, had pil'd upon him,
The maſs of ages. Oh! what tongue can ſpeak
The love of our REDEEMER? And yet man,
Ingrateful impious man, hourly reviles

His Benefactor's name, affects the ſtyle
Of ſophiſtry and metaphyſic pride
To quibble with ſalvation, and renounce
Thoſe guides, that lead us by the hand to heav'n.
This they call reaſon, this man's natural right
To queſtion his Creator, and in pride
Of independant dignity reject
Salvation, rather than conſent to own
God's privilege to ſave him by ſuch means
As to God's wiſdom beſt and meeteſt ſeem'd.
Such monſters doth this teeming earth produce:
Impious audacity! which dares to ſay—
I need no Mediator, I diſclaim
CHRIST and his offer'd peace; 'twixt God and me
I want no advocate to plead my cauſe,
By my own rectitude I ſtand or fall:
The Evangelic Volumes I regard
As fabricated tales of juggling tricks,
Witneſs'd by none but partners in the craft:
Deep read in pagan ſtory I confront
The ſacred records with the ſilent page

Of

Of thoſe, who regiſter no ſtrange eclipſe,
No noon-day darkneſs, not one friendly groan
Of ſympathiſing Nature to atteſt
CHRIST's dying hour.——Shut, ſhut the Book of Life;
Go to the Jews, the Pagans, for thy creed,
Go to the duſt, blaſphemer! In the ear
Of Death whiſper thy doubts, and learn of him
Thy folly's confutation and thy doom
In thoſe ſad realms, to which he ſhall conduct
Thy trembling ſoul, when the Arch-angel's trump
Hath ſummon'd thee to judgment, and ſet ope
The grave, thy raſhneſs deem'd for ever clos'd.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Iſcariot, having ſeparated himſelf from Chriſt, wanders through the ſtreets of the city in a diſconſolate manner, and at length arrives at the brook Cedron without the gates. Here he breaks forth into ſoliloquy, in which, after reviewing his paſt ſituation, he affects to juſtify his preſent motives for betraying his Maſter to the prieſts. Chriſt and his diſciples, proceeding to the Mount of Olives, are diſcovered by him as they are paſſing the brook in their way thither, and Judas reſolves upon availing himſelf of the opportunity for delivering Chriſt into the hands of his enemies. In the mean time the prieſts and elders aſſemble in the palace of Caiaphas, and there hold a council upon the meaſures to be purſued for the apprehenſion of Chriſt: The high prieſt harangues the aſſembly to this immediate purport: In the interim Judas is announced, and being admitted makes his propoſal to the council; this produces ſome obſervations on the part of Caiaphas, and is objected to by Nicodemus, who after delivering his opinion quits the aſſembly. Caiaphas then takes up the matter afreſh, controverts the ſentiments of Nicodemus, and with the approbation of all preſent cloſes with the propoſals of Judas, and ſends out a company with that traiterous diſciple to the Mount of Olives, there to apprehend the perſon of Chriſt. The aſſembly breaks up, and the hall is no ſooner evacuated by the prieſts and elders, than their ſeats are filled by Satan and his infernal ſpirits. Satan addreſſes to them a congratulatory ſpeech on the ſucceſs of Mammon's temptation, on whom he beſtows many high encomiums; an ovation takes place in honor of that dæmon, when Chemos appears wounded by the ſpear of Gabriel, whom he had encountered on the Mount of Olives, where he had been poſted as a ſpy upon the motions of Chriſt and his diſciples. Satan, enraged at the account, ſallies forth with a reſolution to revenge the attack by puniſhing the temerity of Gabriel, arms himſelf for the occaſion, and after much proud vaunting of his ſuperior proweſs diſappears, and the infernal ſpirits diſperſe.

CALVARY.

BOOK III.

THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

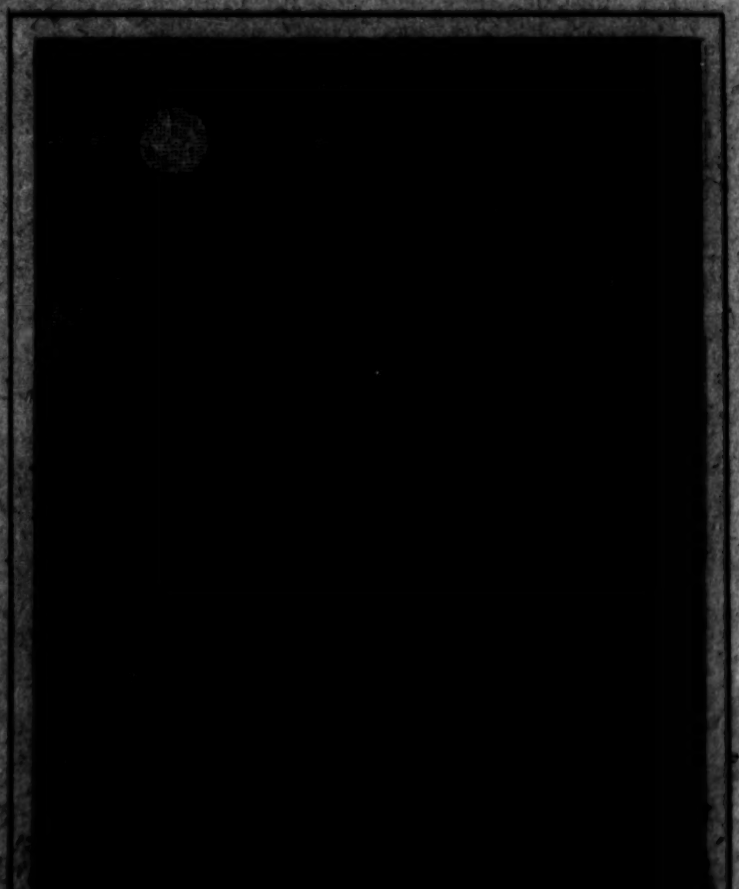
DARK came the ev'ning on, and the pale moon,
Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,
Shed her dim horrors o'er the ſhadowy earth;
Whilſt through the ſilent ſtreets with ſtep diſturb'd,
And heart by helliſh meditations rent,
The Outcaſt of the Lord purſued his way,
ISCARIOT, name for evermore accurſt.
Onward he went unqueſtion'd, unobſerv'd,
For all upon this ſolemn night kept houſe,
Nor ſtopp'd till forth the city gates he came
To Cedron's brook, whoſe bubbling current laves
The olive-crowned Mount, favor'd of CHRIST
For its umbrageous groves and ſilent haunts,
For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.
Here firſt, as one awaken'd to new thoughts,

Starting he check'd his ſtep, and with a groan,
That rent his lab'ring boſom, thus broke forth.
Oh, my torn heart! Oh, ſoul-tormenting ſcenes!
Can I forget the bliſsful hours I've paſs'd
Beneath your ſhades lift'ning the Maſter's words?
When as he ſpake of heav'n and heav'nly joys,
Of righteouſneſs and the bleſt Spi'rits with God,
Such life in his deſcription glow'd, methought
All Paradiſe was preſent to my view
And courted me to enter. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember? Never man like him
Could with ſuch magic eloquence entrance
The ſenſes of his hearers, lift the ſoul
To heav'nly contemplations and tranſport
To thoughts beyond itſelf; thence to look down
Upon this lower world and all it's cares,
It's pains, it's perſecutions with contempt:
Sometimes envelop'd in myſterious ſchemes
And parables he couch'd the moral truth,
Which painted on the memory left it's tints
Indelible: But when with tongue inſpir'd

The fall of nations he foretold, and drew
The curtain of futurity aſide;
When in the pomp of numbers he deſcrib'd
Jeruſalem beleaguer'd with a hoſt
Of Gentile foes and trodden down to duſt,
Her matrons and her virgins whelm'd in blood,
Or dragg'd to violation, ſhame and bondage *
By ruffian ſpoilers; when his ſoaring flight,
Spurning the world's wide compaſs, ſcal'd the ſkies,
And there amidſt the empyrean fields,
As in his proper region, ſhook the ſpheres
Of ſun, moon, ſtars, as with a maſter's hand,
And ſhew'd them falling in prophetic awe
Of his own glorious coming in a cloud
With pow'r and ſtate ſupernal, then our hearts
With ſympathetic raptures burnt within us,
And we vain mortals ſaw, or thought we ſaw,
Our own vile bodies glorified to ſhare
In his triumphant entry, and ourſelves
To dignities and thrones and ſtarry ſpheres
Exalted, loftieſt in the realms of light.

But now theſe bright illuſions are no more;
Vaniſh'd theſe glitt'ring ſcenes, my claims on heav'n
All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream,
Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile
Of viſionary wealth. Behold me ſham'd,
Baniſh'd his board, detected, and my thoughts
Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's ſcorn,
And blazon forth his preſcience: Let that paſs!
Traitor pronounc'd, a traitor I will be;
That prophecy at leaſt ſhall be fulfill'd.
Though maſter of my will I could refute
And daſh his bold prediction, yet my heart
Ponders revenge more ſuited to it's wrongs,
Greater than ſuch ſlight triumph can beſtow,
And not leſs terrible than death itſelf.
This night, the laſt that he ſhall walk at large,
This night ſhall be his triumph or his fall.
If theſe grave elders, who conſpire his death,
Theſe reverend prieſts revolt not from the deed,
That caſts on them, their function and their tribe
The peril of his blood, why ſhould my heart

Shrink



W. Blake inv.t — Cromek sculp.

JUDAS by the brook CEDRON,
meditating to betray his Master, to elude the approach.

Whereat like murderous Cain when exiled of God,
The covering commixture outstarted slunk aside,
And wrapped his mantle cloak about his head,
Then darkling stood.

Book III. l. 24, v. 25.

Published 1st Feb.y 1806 by Cadell Jun.r & W. Davies Strand & C. Tilly of the Poultry.

Shrink from it's purpoſe? What have I to fear
In act ſubordinate, in cauſe ſupreme,
Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes,
Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world condemn'd?
More he had ſaid, but, like a ſerpent coil'd,
With ſudden ſtart he ſhrunk into himſelf,
And liſt'ning held his breath to catch the ſound
Of ſteps, that echoing o'er the flinty ſoil
Beſpoke a company in near approach:
With theſe the Maſter's well-known voice he heard;
Whereat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,
The cow'ring conſcious outcaſt ſlunk aſide,
And wrapp'd his ruſſet cloak about his head,
Then darkling ſtood; the holy troop meanwhile
Forded the ſhallow brook and held their way
Strait to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.
Forth ſprung the lurking caitiff from his watch:
The greedy Mammon ruſh'd upon his heart,
Glorying that now he held them in his net,
Darkneſs conſpiring with occaſions apt
Of hour and place to make his vengeance ſure.

Remorſe

Remorſe was dead within him, every ſenſe
Of virtue loſt, yet in his coward breaſt
Such languor, dread and cold repugnance dwelt,
Scarce could the breath of hell's worſt fiend ſuffice
To blow it into flame: Now ſudden rage
Impell'd him onward, now with palſied fear
Struck back, he reel'd and ſhook in ev'ry joint.
This SATAN ſaw, and evermore at hand
To drive the wav'ring ſinner to his doom,
Breath'd all his ſpi'rit upon him; direr blaſt
Cocytus never vented, the full tide
Of aconite engender'd with his blood,
His brain, ſet ev'ry fev'riſh nerve in play,
And ſcrew'd his heated fancy to the pitch
Of daring and defiance; yet the wretch,
Not leſs a traitor to himſelf than CHRIST,
Or e'er the acting of the dreadful deed
Thus ſtrove by ſophiſtry to gloſs it o'er.
Why do I doubt? What horrors ſhake my mind?
Why ſhould not my affronted honor ſtir
Me to betray, as their inſulted law

Provokes

Provokes our elders to deſtroy their foe?
For Moſes they, I for myſelf oppoſe;
And where's the wrong, if he, who knows my heart
And all it's meditations, will not deign
To turn it from it's purpoſe, and divert
The danger he foreknows; nay rather helps
To lure the embryo treaſon into birth?
Either his own free will makes death it's choice,
And ſo becomes accomplice in the deed,
Or elſe, foredoom'd to die, he knows his hour,
And thus, not acting of ourſelves but rul'd
By ſtrong neceſſity, we ſtand abſolv'd,
Mere guiltleſs tools and inſtruments of fate.
What then? Why let the Scriptures be fulfill'd,
Let prophecies, which are the voice of God,
Sound out his knell; we fight not againſt Heav'n.
Let CHRIST, if glory waits him in the grave,
Deſcend into the duſt and ſeek it there:
If his ſoul covets to make league with death,
And dwell in conſort with corruption's worm,
What time more apt for death than this dark hour,

Image

Image of death itſelf? And who ſo fit
As God's high-prieſt, the temple's miniſter,
To put life's intervening veil aſide,
And uſher him to glory? I meanwhile,
His humble harbinger, will go before
T' announce his coming, and make clear the road
That leads to death, the goal of his ambition.
Yet how if all this tame indifference
Be but a feint to draw the world about him,
And then amaze them with ſome grand diſplay
Of wonder-working power? And who can tell
How far his hand miraculous may ſtretch,
Who from the tomb pluck'd forth the feſt'ring corpſe
Of ſhrowded Lazarus, three days in earth,
And bade him live again? Stupendous act!
This we beheld and hail'd him Lord of Life;
But ſtill the unconverted Jews ſtood off,
And deem'd us witneſſes of ſlight account,
Weak cred'lous men, firſt dup'd and thence become
Aſſociates in impoſture. What remains
But inſtantly to put my thoughts in act,

And

And yield him up to thoſe, who in th' attempt
Succeeding vindicate their diſbelief,
Failing abide the ſhame of their defeat?
In this or that opinion there muſt be
A dangerous error; to perſiſt were fatal:
This night diſpells all doubt: If he be CHRIST,
He lives confeſt and triumphs over death;
If man, he falls unpitied and abjur'd.
  Thus for foul deeds pretending fair excuſe,
The caitiff wretch on trait'rous errand bent,
Back through the city gates purſu'd his way,
And to his nightly aſſignation hied.
  Perch'd on the ſummit of the ſacred Mount,
Should'ring God's temple, a proud palace ſtood:
There dwelt the ſovereign pontiff, and this night
Held ſolemn convocation and conſult,
Not for God's glory, other cares had they,
Cares nearer to their ſelfiſh hearts, concerns
Heav'n had no part in, impious dire cabals
How to prevent the day-ſpring from on high,
Now by CHRIST's revelation and his acts

Miraculous

Miraculous juſt dawning on the world,
Aforetime wrapt in darkneſs black as death,
Beſt veil for their hypocriſy and craft.
In their great hall of council, there in ranks,
Precedencies and dignities diſpos'd,
Doctors and long-rob'd phariſees and ſcribes
And bearded elders met; ſenate, to whom
For machinations, plots and ſecret wiles
Rome's purple conclave ſtoops. High over all
On throne pontifical in robes of ſtate,
With ſacred ephod girt of various hues,
And breaſt-plate glitt'ring bright with myſtic gems,
Mitre-crown'd CAIAPHAS, the temple's chief,
Exalted ſate: The ſanhedrim was full.
All came, whom luſt of power, or bigot zeal,
Or enmity to CHRIST rous'd to the call;
Mouth-worſhippers of God, agents of hell
In heart, and hypocrites abhorr'd of CHRIST,
To public ſcorn held up and pictur'd out
As rebel huſbandmen, who baſely ſlew
Their Lord's commiſſion'd Son. Scarce was there one,

Whoſe

Whoſe galled conſcience had not felt the ſting
Of ſome keen truth extorted from the lips
Of the elſe-humble JESUS, meek to all
But the proud Phariſee or cavi'lling Scribe,
To knaves, who thought by cunning to outwit
Wiſdom itſelf, and ſnare him in his talk;
To hypocrites, who faſted oft with ſad
And woe-worn faces to be ſeen of men,
Or ſuch as made long pray'rs for a diſplay
Of righteouſneſs, and vaunted their good deeds,
Mocking their conſcience and inſulting Heav'n:
To theſe in all the majeſty of truth
Frowning he ſpake, nor ſpar'd he for rebuke
Severe, indignant; many a time and oft
To their whole ſect he had denounced woe,
Woe trebled on their heads: What wonder then,
If thus combin'd by intereſt to oppoſe
His ſpreading glories, their envenom'd hearts
Rankled with envy, hatred and revenge?
Nor were there wanting to their great divan
Thoſe, who can work unſeen within the heart,

Dark

Dark miniſters, who know to touch the ſprings
And cords, whoſe movements can convulſe the ſoul
With furious paſſions, burſting from their mine,
Like ſulph'rous fires that tear the quaking earth:
SATAN himſelf was there, for at this hour
He and his hoſt had furlough upon earth,
Dæmons of blood, ambition, envy, ſtrife
Rang'd the vex'd world at large: loud were their tongues,
And fiery hot their zeal againſt the Lord,
Whoſe miracles, reſounding through the land,
Rung in their ears the downfall of their pow'r,
Ill-omen'd knell.—Brethren! 'tis time to rouſe,
Cried CAIAPHAS, and ſtarted from his throne
Furious as Korah, when at his tent door
With his rebellious company he ſtood,
And waving high his cenſer call'd aloud
To mutiny 'gainſt Moſes: So now call'd
With voice as loud, and deeper plung'd in crime
Than theſe who ſunk outright, this ſecond prieſt,
This worſe revolter againſt God himſelf
In his own Son reflected; from his ſtate,

High

High o'er their heads exalted, he look'd down
On all beneath; then with uplifted eyes
And hands extended, as in act to rend
His robes pontifical—Yes, ſacred ſeers,
Again he cried, yes, venerable prieſts,
Elders, and reverend ſages of our law,
'Tis more than time to call your vengeance up;
Awake! ye ſleep too long: For me, your ſlave,
Servant of ſervants, me, by how much more
In place exalted ſo much more in heart
Abas'd, as meritleſs of ſuch high ſtate,
I were content to caſt theſe robes aſide,
Pluck off this beard, and on this mitred head,
Unworthy of ſuch honors, ſcatter duſt
And aſhes, might ſuch penitence avert
The ſhame, that for my ſins is falling on you,
And quell the mad'ning faction now afloat,
Since this bold Bethlemite hath ſtarted up
To mock the church of God. Shall it be ſaid,
That for my puniſhment theſe evils light
On you the righteous? that in my day roſe

This innovator to conſpire your fall,
To broach new doctrines and unhinge the faith
Of the ſtill wavering multitude? If I,
If I am in the crime, if in your thoughts
My negligence hath foſter'd this revolt,
Make me your ſacrifice, thruſt me from hence,
For this high place unfit; ſet up your croſs,
And there exalt me: But if I am clear,
And this your looks encourage me to hope,
If CHRIST not CAIAPHAS deſerves the death,
Why do ye pauſe? What terror holds you back?
Time-honor'd rabbi, elders, ſages, guides
And maſters of our Iſrael! ye, by whom
Our ſynagogues are taught, of God's own law
Interpreters ordain'd, which of your grave
And reverend council will at once unfold
To my yet faithleſs ears the mighty ſpell
By which this JESUS works? Who will expound
This prodigy, that ſets the crowd agape,
This more than man, of whom the people bruit
Theſe more than human doings? You are dumb;

None

None offers a reply; for none will ſay
This wiſdom and theſe mighty works accord
With one ſo mean of birth, with Joſeph's ſon,
A baſe mechanic: Fitter taſk for him
To uſe his father craft, and humbly ply
The workman's tools, than in the temple ſit
Diſputing with our doctors; or withdrawn,
As late the Baptiſt, to ſome deſart mount,
There ſit in ſullen dignity enthron'd,
And from his rocky theatre declaim
To liſt'ning thouſands. Here be ſome have heard
His doctrines, many have endur'd his taunts,
And though in wiſe and well-pois'd minds like your's
Such meteors breed no terror, yet they draw
The gazing vulgar, and ſo rank a taint
Runs through th' infected fold, that much I doubt
If half the flock of Iſrael be not touch'd;
So diligent is he to ſpread the plague,
So careleſs we to ſtem it. If his word
Be ſuffer'd thus to overturn our law,
The monument of ages, then alas!

We've ſeen the laſt of theſe ſolemnities:
Before this night returns there'll not be found
Or lamb to ſacrifice, or prieſt to ſlay,
Or temple to receive our Paſchal rites;
Rome, whoſe ambition graſps the conquer'd world,
Shall plant her eagles on our holy mount,
And Jupiter uſurp JEHOVAH's ſhrine.
He paus'd, yet ſtood as one in act to ſpeak,
Struggling for words, which furious paſſion choak'd
And ſtifled on his tongue; a ſtormy cloud
Hung on his brow, his viſage ghaſtly pale,
Mad'ning with rage he ſtampt and ſhook his robe:
As when the Delphic propheteſs, convuls'd
And foaming on her tripod, ſets aghaſt
The ſcar'd enthuſiaſts, who believe her fill'd
And fighting with the God oracular;
So through the hall of council ſilence reign'd,
Whilſt expectation turn'd all eyes and ears
On their rapt prophet; till the word being giv'n,
That one of CHRIST's diſciples ſtood without
And inſtant audience crav'd, that awful name

Their

Their ſpell-bound faculties at once ſet free;
Inſtant loud murmurs fill'd the vaulted roof,
Like the deep roar of ſubterranean tides,
Whoſe eddies undermine the cavern'd ſhores
Of ſea-girt Mona or Bermuda's iſle:
This paſt, the ſenate's chief reſum'd his throne;
Whence from his ſtate inclining he gave ſign
For ſilence and commanded to admit
Their unexpected ſuitor; at the word
Wide flew the doors apart, and there behold
With cloak to' the knee tuck'd up and ſtaff in hand
ISCARIOT, caitiff viler than the worſt
That e'er wore pilgrim's ſanctimonious garb
In after-times, when fierce cruſading zeal
Sent forth it's wand'ring eremites to put
The murd'rous ſword in meek Religion's hand,
The croſs, on which our patient Lord expir'd,
Their badge of victory, and ſignal made
For their deſtroying armies, lur'd to war
With pardons earnt in fields of carnage, fought
For God's pretended glory', as if, dire hope!

Rivers of blood could waft their ſouls to heav'n.
Founder of theſe, and prototype of all,
Who dy'd the croſs with blood, ISCARIOT ſtood
Full of the fiend, and caſt around on all
His haggard eyes, that augur'd vengeful ire
And fraud deep brooding in his treach'rous heart:
When after pauſe now ſummon'd to expound
His purpoſe, whether by his Maſter ſent,
Or ſelf-impell'd, thus MAMMON's convert ſpake.
Fathers of Iſrael, patrons of our law,
And chiefly thou, great prieſt, vicar of God,
And faithful ſhepherd of the remnant ſav'd
From Abraham's ſcatter'd flock! I muſe not, lords,
That you are caſt in wonder to behold
Me ſtanding in this place, me, to your cauſe
Unfriendly deem'd, and, which to all is known
Nor on my part denied, one of the Twelve,
And follower of JESUS. But, grave ſirs,
I do adjure you by your love to truth,
No longer wear this jealous eye upon me,
Than to your patient ears I ſhall unfold,

Why

Why hither I am come, not as a thief
To ſteal into your councils, ſpy them out
And after blazon them, but in fair faith
And plain ſincerity with no double heart
To make confeſſion ſure, and give my life
A pledge into your hands. Stand not amaz'd,
As if it were a thing impoſſible
That CHRIST's diſciple ſhould not be his friend.
Mine hath been toilſome huſbandry, my lords,
And none but bitter fruits have I reap'd from it,
Fruits of repentance: Weary days and nights
I've miniſter'd to him without reward,
And weary miles full many travel'd o'er,
Fainting and pinch'd with hunger; then at night,
When the wild creatures of the earth find reſt
And covert in their holes, houſeleſs have watch'd
Amidſt the ſhock of elements, and brav'd
Storms, which the mail'd rhinoceros did not dare
Unſhelter'd to abide: Sometimes on ſea
Laſh'd by the ſurging waves I've toil'd for life,
Whilſt he ſate ſleeping, reckleſs of the gale:

Reſcu'd from theſe, for I of force confeſs
His pow'r is abſolute, and ſafe on ſhore,
My labors ceas'd not with the ſcene; new toils,
New taſks ſucceeded: Now to rocks and caves,
To ſandy wilds, or whereſoever elſe
The Spirit led and deſolation reign'd,
His wand'ring ſteps I follow'd, yes, his ſteps,
But at what diſtance from his heart he held me,
Bear witneſs, mem'ry! Others had his heart,
Peter and James and John, to them he breath'd
The ſecrets of his ſoul, on them he ſhower'd
His promiſes; of theſe he made no thrift,
Theſe he abounded in; to me he gave
What he had leaſt in ſtore, a barren purſe,
And bade me bear it; no hard taſk I own,
For it was light as beggary could make it,
But office moſt ignoble. Here perchance
Your wiſdom would demand of me a cauſe,
Why I endur'd theſe ſlights year after year,
And ſtill toil'd on in ſuch a thankleſs ſervice;
What faſcination and what ſpell, you'll aſk,

Doth

Doth this man work with, ſo to charm the mind
And lure it on through mortifying toils,
Sorrows and pains, and, worſe than theſe, contempts,
Yet hold it ſtill enchain'd ſlave to his will?
Moſt equal judges, I muſt here ſubmit
My weakneſs to your cenſure, and refer
My cauſe to mercy, or in ſelf-defence
Conjure you for a moment to deſcend
From your high ſtate, and to my humble place
And peaſant thoughts accord your own great minds:
My lords, I neither mean to varniſh o'er
My own too feeble nature, nor to ſmooth
The rough ſincerity of truth through fear
Or flattery of thoſe, 'fore whom I ſpeak:
If JESUS works by ſpells, I know them not;
Pray'rs but not incantations I have heard;
If theſe be charms, they are no charms for devils,
Yet ſuch he's charg'd withal: Neither by league
With Beelzebub, as ſome have gravely urg'd,
Nor art Samaritan, nor elſe by imp
Or genius, as the heathen loudly vouch

Of their fam'd Socrates, do I believe
His miracles are wrought: Alas, alas!
Which of hell's miniſters will be ſuborn'd
To work his own confuſion? No, they ſhriek,
They tremble, at his bidding they come forth
From men poſſeſt, they vaniſh to the winds,
They ſink into the pit from whence they ſprung.
I am a man, my lords, not over-prone
To raſh credulity, nor apt to veer
With ev'ry breath of doctrine, and I've heard
A voice, that ſways the elements, commands
The ſprings of health, making maim'd nature whole,
Nay, life itſelf return into the trunk
Which it had left, and give a ſecond pulſe
To the cold heart of death: This to have ſeen,
And not to ſtand in reverence of the pow'r
That wrought theſe miracles, were a degree
Of apathy above my nature's reach.
No more! cried CAIAPHAS, no more of this!
You much abuſe our patience with this talk.
Here is no place to ſound CHRIST's praiſes forth;

We

We are not met to recognize his pow'r
And back his daring claims, but to chaſtiſe
Impoſture, to aſſert our ſacred law,
And vindicate the majeſty of Heav'n.
You tell us you are wearied with the taſks
Of a hard Maſter; quit him then and earn
A better ſervice, earn a rich reward
By yielding him to juſtice. You well know
His haunts, his privacies, his darkling hours,
When without hazard of a public brawl
We may make lawful ſeizure for the ſtate
Of his attainted perſon: On this point,
So you will order your diſcourſe aright,
You may ſpeak freely; of his praiſe no more.
To him th' Apoſtate: If from my forc'd lips,
Unwilling witneſſes although they be,
Truth wrings this praiſe, the laſt which they will utter,
Suffer thus far in candor, and let paſs
Theſe words in juſtice to a Maſter's fame,
Whom I renounce and with an oath devote
To wrath, to puniſhment, to death itſelf,

If

If death you doom. But oh! moſt reverend lords,
It is not as a falſe and juggling cheat,
A dealer with familiars I preſent him
To your juſt judgment: Wretches vile as theſe
Would but diſgrace your wrath and my revenge.
But take him as a victim from my hands
Richer than hecatombs of vulgar blood,
A ſacrifice for God's high prieſt to make,
Whilſt all earth's ſcepter'd monarchs ſtood around
To gaze upon the work. Be not deceiv'd:
I know the jeopardy in which I ſtand,
Yet I will on; in me is no delay:
This night, this hour, this inſtant I am your's
To trace him to his haunts to be your guide
And marſhal you to vengeance. But beware!
Let them be choſen men you ſend, approv'd
And conſtant, though the heav'ns ſhall rain down fire,
And the earth rock beneath them: He, who call'd
The dead anatomy to life, can well
Make corpſes of the living.—Here the voice
Of one, who neareſt to the throne had place,

Cut

Cut ſhort the traitor's ſpeech: Of high renown
Was he now riſing, NICODEMUS, known
To after-ages as the nightly gueſt
Of JESUS, and his converſe with our Lord
In holy writ recorded: Grave he was,
A Phariſee and ruler of the Jews,
Yet not of ſoul vindictive like the reſt,
Nor aſpect arrogant; when thus he ſpake.
I call the time miſpent, that is beſtow'd
On loud-tongu'd orators, whoſe art it is
To launch their hearers upon paſſion's tide,
And drive them on by guſts of windy words
A giddy deſperate courſe to rocks and ſhoals,
Which ſteer'd by ſage experience they had ſhunn'd.
Such ſhipwreck of our wiſdom we might make,
Should we our better ſenſes now permit
To take improv'ident counſel of our ears,
By this high-ton'd declaimer thus aſſail'd.
I pray you, therefore, carry back your thoughts
To times foregone, when prophets have aroſe
And boaſted mighty works, which, being done

Of man's device and cunning, came to nought:
So will it be with JESUS, if his ſpirit
Be not of God; time will o'ertake deceit,
If time be let to run; but cut it ſhort
By death's raſh ſtroke, you cover him with glory,
And from his aſhes raiſe a mightier name,
Than living he had reach'd with all the aids
Of artifice to back him. Give me, Heav'n!
That tolerating policy, which ſhews
No bitterneſs in ſpeculative points:
Diſdaining from my heart what this man ſays,
A traitor ſays, who comes to ſell his Maſter,
My ſentence never ſhall affect the life
Of this or any other man accus'd
On vague preſumptions, nor will I ſay, Die!
Till I have that in proof, which merits death:
For if this JESUS vaunts himſelf to be
What he is not, God will confute his pride;
But if with pow'r divine he acts and ſpeaks,
Commiſſion'd to ſome awful unſeen end,
Shall man contend with God? Vain ſtrife! ſhall we

Fall

Fall off from our great origin, the faith
Of our bleſt father Abraham? Shall we,
Sore ſmitten for our treſpaſſes, cut ſhort
And waſted to a remnant, we, on whom
The guiltleſs blood of all the prophets reſts,
Send this man up to heav'n to cry againſt us,
And to a burthen heavier than enough
Add more and weightier guilt than all the reſt?
Heav'n's grace forefend! You have my conſcience, lords;
I leave it to your thoughts: I ſtand abſolv'd.
He ſaid, and conſcious that his words were loſt
Upon obdurate hearts, departed thence,
So warn'd of God, and from the gulph eſcap'd
Of that night's dire perdition, wherein all
Save him alone were loſt. So in the wreck
Of ſome great admiral, full fraught for war,
When his tall veſſel ſplits, and the bold crew
Plunge quick into th' abyſs, Heav'n ſometimes deigns
By wond'rous providence to ſnatch one life
From the devouring waves, and waft him home
A ſolitary relick, there to tell

God's

God's mercies and his ſad companions' fate.
Him thus departing the proud pontiff ey'd
With look malign, and to theſe taunts gave vent.
Weak is that cauſe, whoſe advocate flies from it:
I pauſe to ſee if any here will follow.
None moves, none ſpeaks, none ſeconds his appeal:
'Tis well! One only convert to our foe,
One patron of his cauſe this ſenate held,
And holds no longer: Vaniſh'd, flown, eſcap'd!
One heart, one mind, one voice now rules the whole.
For me, I nor opinion ſhift nor place,
Faithful I ſhrink from neither. You have heard
What this wiſe elder counſels; he hath left
His conſcience as a legacy behind him:
Let him, who loves the giver, take the gift;
I, for ſuch part as to my ſhare may fall,
Scorn to engraft that ſcyon on my heart,
Which, if admitted, might impart the ſeeds
Of treaſon and apoſtacy like his.
Till cold and hot agree, till ſelfiſh fear
And temporiſing maxims coaleſce

With patriot zeal for Iſrael and firm faith
In God's reveal'd decrees, his thoughts and mine
Will never mix, and the attempt to join
Their jarring elements could only ſerve
To make this breaſt a field of mental war.
Mark, brethren, mark how this man contravenes
Your antient juſt retaliating law.
Moſes ſaid—Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth!
So is revenge a virtue: By this rule
Jesus muſt die; for who puts out the law,
Puts out the light of Iſrael, ſtabs the life,
And life for life is juſtice upon record.
This ordinance our abſent elder ſpurns;
He holds at nought our antient equity,
And ſets new doctrines forth; tells us forſooth,
That we muſt wait the time, wait till the light
Of Iſrael be extinct, and leave redreſs
For thoſe, who without eyes can ſpy it out:
Such councils would make cowards of us all,
Rebels to God, deſerters from the faith,
Traitors to Iſrael. Can I wear theſe robes,

And wear a heart within ſo vile, ſo baſe?
Tear them away, uncover me to ſhame,
Make me the ſcorn of men, if, thus array'd
And trickt in outſide honors, I am found
Falſe to that King, whoſe ſtandard I ſupport.
No, venerable ſages, if your rule
Were ſhort to teach us what our duty is,
The very heathen would inform us of it:
The Roman ſoldier, who deſerts his poſt,
Or ſleeping ſuffers a ſurprize, ſhall die;
But we, with God's own armies in our charge,
We, whoſe commander is the Lord of Hoſts,
Should we be found thus criminal, what death,
What doom, more terrible than death itſelf,
Can recompenſe ſuch treaſon? Forth then, lords!
Draw out an armed band and ſend them forth.
Behold a ready leader! Time yet ſerves;
This night no ſtir, no ſtragglers in our ſtreets
To ſhake the city's peace: JESUS ſecur'd
And hither brought, a largeſs I decree
To all concern'd; to JUDAS a reward

Befitting

Befitting us to give, him to receive.
No more; loud acclamations ſhook the hall:
Th' aſſembly roſe, the traitor bow'd aſſent,
A band of ruffians arm'd with ſwords and ſtaves
Forth iſſued with ISCARIOT at their head,
And to the Olive Mountain bent their courſe.
Oh, hour accurſt! Oh, all ye ſtars of heav'n!
And thou pale waining moon, etherial lights,
Firſt-born of Nature, look not, ye chaſte fires,
Upon this monſter-breeding earth, but quench
Your conſcious lamps and whelm this murd'rous crew
In darkneſs black as their own damning plot.
And thou, conductor of this Stygian band,
Vile hypocrite, what fiend inſpir'd the thought
To hail thy Maſter with the kiſs of peace,
And ſo betray him? Wretch, the time will come,
When rack'd with horror, and to all hope loſt,
Thine agonizing ſoul ſhall rue this deed,
Curſe its birth-hour, and whilſt thy Maſter ſoars
To heav'n, triumphant over death and ſin,
Thou ſhalt ſink howling to the depths of hell.

Now break your ſynod up, ye envious prieſts,
Elders and ſcribes! prepare your harden'd hearts
To judge the Lord of Life, convene your ſpies
To forge falſe witneſs, and make ſmooth the way
To man's redemption by the blood of CHRIST,
The very Paſchal Lamb, whom by the type
Of this night's ſacrifice ye ſhadow'd forth,
Blind unbelieving prophets as ye are.
Fit hour ye choſe, ye murd'rers, to embrue
Your curſed hands in that pure Victim's blood,
Peace-offering for the ſins of loſt mankind.
Hence to your homes! there meditate new plots;
The fiends ſhall be your helpers, to your thoughts
Preſent, though not to fight, they ſwarm around,
Now here, now there, now hovering over head,
Where, as your enmity to CHRIST breaks forth,
And your blaſpheming voices fill the roof,
Like ſteaming vapors from ſulphureous lakes,
Joyous they catch the welcome ſounds, and fan
With clapping wings the peſtilential air,
Applauding as they ſoar. Now clear the hall;

Yield

Yield up your ſeats, ye ſubſtituted fiends;
Hence, minor dæmons! give your maſters place!
And hark! the King of Terrors ſpeaks the word,
He calls his ſhadowy princes, they ſtart forth,
Expand themſelves to fight and throng the hall,
A ſynod of infernals: Forms more dire
Imagination ſhapes not, when the wretch,
Whom conſcience haunts, in the dead hour of night,
Whilſt all is dark and ſilent round his bed,
Sees hideous phantoms in his fev'riſh dream,
That ſtare him into madneſs with fix'd eyes
And threat'ning faces floating in his brain.
The ghoſtly monarch mounts the vacant throne;
Gives ſign for order, the ſuperiors ſit,
Each as his ſtellar attribute gives rank
And place peculiar, the untitled ſtand
Circling their LUCIFER, their fallen ſun:
He of his ſtate more jealous, as in heart
Conſcious of faded glory, in the midſt
Now riſing, after many a hard eſſay
To wreathe his war-worn face into a ſmile,

Semblance at leaſt of joy, at length with voice
Screw'd to the pitch of triumph vaunting cries:
Pow'rs and Dominions, Lords by victory's right
Of earth and man, now from his Maker won
By overthrow of Heav'n's laſt champion giv'n
In God's own city, battle fairly gain'd
On hoſtile ground, his Sion's ſacred mount,
Warriors, your king applauds you: thanks, brave friends;
Now ſhall your temples with loud pæans ring,
Your vindicated altars and your groves
Exhale rich clouds of incenſe, ſteaming forth
From od'rous gums; your ſtatues gaily crown'd
With garlands, every trophy, that the art
Of painting or of ſculpture can beſtow,
Shall be hung round to decorate your ſhrines;
Your oracles henceforth ſhall find a voice,
Which future CHRISTS ſhall never put to ſilence,
And nations from your lips ſhall aſk their fate:
This day to all poſterity ſhall be
Sacred to games, proceſſions, triumphs, feaſts,
And laurel-crowned bards ſhall hymn your praiſe.

But

But ſure no ſpirit of etherial mould,
For ſuch of right ye are, will ſo forget
His native dignity as to repine,
Or gloat with envy, if I now demand
Your tribute of eſpecial praiſe to him,
Whom your joint ſuffrages deputed firſt
To this important embaſſy; a ſpirit
Our ſubterranean empire cannot mate
For high authority and potent ſway
O'er man's ſubjected heart: MAMMON, ſtand forth!
Stand forth, thou proſp'rous, rich, perſuaſive pow'r,
Worſhipp'd of all, great idol of the world;
May fortune on thy patient labors ſmile,
Thou perſevering deity! Purſue
Thy darling metal through earth's central veins,
Ranſack her womb for mines, ſend forth thy ſlaves
To undiſcover'd realms, and bid them ſap
Potoſi's glittering mountains for their ore;
Pull down her golden temples, ſtrip her kings,
Rack them with tortures, wring their ſecrets out
By ſlow-conſuming fires, lay Nature waſte,

Let nothing mortal breathe upon the ſoil
That covers gold: All hell applauds thy zeal,
And all hell's engines ſhall aſſiſt thy ſearch.
He ſaid, and lo! from either ſide the throne
Upon the ſignal a ſeraphic choir
In equal bands came forth; the minſtrels ſtrike
Their golden harps; ſwift o'er the ſounding ſtrings
Their flying fingers ſweep, whilſt to the ſtrain
Melodious voices, though to heav'nly airs
Attun'd no longer, ſtill in ſweet accord
Echo the feſtive ſong, now full combin'd
Pouring the choral torrent on the ear,
In parts reſponſive now warbling by turns
Their ſprightly quick diviſions, ſwelling now
Through all the compaſs of their tuneful throats
Their varying cadences, as fancy prompts.
Whereat the Stygian herd, like them of old
Lull'd by the Theban minſtrel, ſtood at gaze
Mute and appeas'd, for muſic hath a voice,
Which ev'n the devils obey, and for a while
Sweet ſounds ſhall lay their turbid hearts aſleep,

Charm'd

Charm'd into ſweet oblivion and repoſe.
The praiſe of MAMMON the rapt ſeraphs ſung
And Gold's almighty pow'r; free flow'd the verſe;
No need to call the Muſe, for all were there,
Apollo and the Heliconian Maids,
And all that pagan poet e'er invok'd
Were preſent to the ſong. Above the flight
Of bold Alcæus, Tiſias bard divine,
Or Pindar's ſtrain Olympic, high it ſoar'd
In dithyrambic majeſty ſublime.
At the right hand of hell's terrific Lord
MAMMON exalted ſate, and as the choir
Chanted their hymn, his ſwelling boſom throbb'd
In concert with the ſtrain; pride flush'd his cheek
Furrow'd with care and toil, his eyes, now rais'd
From earth, their proper center, ſparkling gleam'd
Malicious triumph, whilſt ovations loud
And thund'ring plaudits ſhook the trembling roof.
The ſong was clos'd, and, order now reſum'd,
MAMMON ſtood forth to ſpeak; when ere the words
From his ſlow lips found way, the infernal King,

With

With eager action ſtarting from his throne,
Gave ſign for ſilence and thus interpos'd:
Pauſe, worthy ſpi'rit, awhile! my mind forbodes
Cares more immediate, for amid the throng
I ſpy our faithful CHEMOS; well I know
'Tis not on ſlight occaſion he hath left
The poſt aſſign'd him; and behold! his looks
Augur important tidings. Fall back, friends,
And give our gallant centinel acceſs.
Obedient to the word the opening files
Fell back and let him paſs; he to the throne
Low rev'rence made, and thus his chief addreſs'd:
Imperial Lord of this ſeraphic hoſt,
As I kept ſtation on the faithleſs Mount,
Where once my altar blaz'd, revolted now
From it's allegiance and with olive crown'd
In token of God's peace, I thence deſcried
By glimpſe of the pale moon a vagrant train,
With JESUS at their head, fording the brook,
As thither bound: I couch'd upon the watch,
So bidd'n, and to their talk gave heedful ear.

A melancholy

A melancholy theme the Maſter choſe:
Sadly he warns them of his own death's hour
Now near impending, and how all ſhall fly,
Like ſcatter'd ſheep, and their lone Shepherd leave
Forlorn, abandon'd: This the fiery zeal
Of PETER, to our chief well known, diſclaims,
Who boldly vouches, though all elſe ſhould ſwerve,
His own unſhaken conſtancy; when CHRIST,
Severe though not with railing, him reproves,
And ſolemnly denounces triple breach
Of this vain boaſt, and inſtant, for this night,
Or e'er the cock's ſhrill trumpet twice ſhall ſound,
So CHRIST predicts, he ſhall be thrice denied
Of this ſelf-vaunting man: All this I heard,
And held it for my duty to report;
What more enſu'd imperfectly I learn;
For now the Maſter taketh three apart,
And much diſturb'd in ſoul and ſore amaz'd
Wills them ſtand off and watch, whilſt he retires
And vents his grief in pray'r: I ſaw him fall
Proſtrate to earth, and vent ſuch heart-felt groans,

That

That were I other than I am, leſs wrong'd,
Leſs hoſtile to the tyranny of Heaven,
Whence I am exil'd, I had then let fall
Weak pity's tear and been my nature's fool.
But, lords, I cannot ſo forget your cauſe,
Or my own wrongs, nor would I wear a heart
Made of ſuch melting ſtuff. With noiſeleſs tread
The kneeling Suppliant I approach'd, and mark'd
His agony of ſoul, whilſt from his brow
I ſaw large drops and gouttes of bloody ſweat
Incarnardine the duſt, on which they fell.
Bear witneſs, my revenge, 'twas there, ev'n there,
The very ſpot, on which he knelt and pray'd,
Where now his blood, wrung out by agony
As in atonement, dropt, on which my ſhrine,
Rear'd by the wives of the uxorious king,
Deck'd out with blazing tapers proudly ſhone,
And front to front of God's own temple ſtood,
Till Aſa's parricidal hand pluck'd up
Maacha's groves and burnt my ſhrine to duſt.
Now hear the ſequel: As I ſtood at gaze,

Noting

Noting his pray'r, one of the heav'nly band
And of the higheſt, GABRIEL, with his ſpear
Couch'd as for combat, ſtarted forth to view,
And frowning bade me take my flight with ſpeed,
Nor trouble that juſt perſon: Valiant peers!
I am not one to back at his proud bidding,
Nor ever did I turn my face to flight
Save in our army's univerſal rout,
When all from heav'n fell headlong to the gulph:
Such weapon as I had, this trenchant ſword
Of adamantine proof, forthwith I drew;
But ere my arm could wield it, ſwift as thought
I felt his ſpear's ſharp point with forceful thruſt
Deep plung'd into my ſide: Staggering, amaz'd,
I gave back ſo compell'd; he ſtill advanc'd
Arm'd for a ſecond onſet, when my ſtrength
Foil'd, though immortal, and my ſight grown dim,
My wound the whilſt ſore rankling, I took wing
And hither came on painful pinions borne,
Your faithful ſervant, whether to attempt
Freſh battle, or my preſent loſs repair.

This

This ſaid, he put his azure tunic by,
And bar'd his wounded ſide, where GABRIEL's ſpear
Had lodg'd it's maſſy fluke, a ghaſtly chaſm
Trench'd by the force of arch-angelic arm,
And to aught elſe than deathleſs ſpirit, death.
Fir'd at the ſight with eyes that ſparkling blaz'd
SATAN uproſe, and thus infuriate ſpake:
GABRIEL in arms! Hah! warriors, we are brav'd:
CHRIST hath his guard about him and defies us.
If this immortal ſpirit could not ſtand,
What ſhall ISCARIOT do? Myſelf will forth;
We ſhall then ſee who wields the ſtronger lance,
SATAN or GABRIEL: In the fields of heaven,
In the mid-air, on earth, in deepeſt hell
He knows my might ſuperior, and ſhall rue
His daſtardly aſſault. Why not with me,
The ſender rather than the ſent, this ſtrife?
So might he boaſt the conteſt, though ſubdued.
The ſcars by this ſharp ſword in battle dealt
Are the beſt honors GABRIEL hath to vaunt;
The brighteſt laurels on his brow are thoſe

I planted

I planted when in equal fight I deign'd
To meaſure ſpears with ſuch inferior foe.
Doth GABRIEL think God's favour can reverſe
Immutable pre-eminence, and raiſe
His menial ſphere to that, in which I ſhone
Son of the morning? Doth he vainly hope
Exil'd from heav'n we left our courage there,
Or loſt it in our fall, or that hell's fires
Have parch'd and wither'd our ſhrunk ſinews up?
Deluſive hope! the warrior's nerve is ſtrung
By exerciſe, by pain, by glorious toil:
The torrid clime of hell, it's burning rock,
It's gulph of liquid flames, in which we roll'd,
Have calcin'd our ſtrong hearts, breath'd their own fires
Into our veins, and forg'd thoſe nerves to ſteel,
Which heav'n's calm æther, her voluptuous ſkies
And frequent adorations well nigh ſmooth'd
To the ſoft flexibility of ſlaves,
Till bold rebellion ſhook it's fetters off,
And with their clangor rais'd ſo brave a ſtorm,

That

That God's eternal throne rock'd to it's baſe.
Now break we up this council: Each diſperſe
Or to his poſt, his pleaſure or purſuit;
Sufficeth for this taſk my ſingle arm:
CHEMOS ſhall be reveng'd; the public zeal
Of MAMMON ſtill ſhall be our theme of praiſe;
Nor ſhall ISCARIOT's nightly plot be foil'd
By intervening angels, nor theſe prieſts,
Whoſe ſeats we fill and whoſe allies we are,
Fail of their victim, or find us remiſs
To ſecond them in this our common league
And joint emprize againſt the pow'rs of Heav'n.
'Twas ſaid, the princes of th' aſſembly roſe
In reverence to his will; the legion round
Smote on their ſhields the ſignal of aſſent.
Tow'ring he ſtood, the Majeſty of Hell,
Dark o'er his brows thick clouds of vengeance roll'd,
Thunder was in his voice, his eye ſhot fire,
And loud he call'd for buckler and for ſpear;
Theſe bold AZAZEL bore, enormous weight,

For

For Atlantean ſpirit proper charge:
With eager graſp he ſeiz'd the towering maſt,
And ſhook it like a twig; then with a frown,
That aw'd the ſtouteſt heart, gave ſign for all
Strait to diſperſe, and vaniſh'd from their ſight.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Calvary;

OR

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A general review of Chriſt's agony in the garden: His diſciples, who are ordered to watch, fall aſleep; Chriſt prays apart; he wakens them, and warns them to watch leſt they enter into temptation. Satan arrives, and takes poſt near the ſpot where Chriſt is praying in his agony: He is diſcovered by Gabriel, the ſupporting angel; their interview deſcribed: Chriſt approaches, and reproving Satan, by the word of power caſts him to the ground diſabled and in torments. Judas now advances with an armed company; betrays his Maſter with a kiſs; Chriſt is ſeized and carried away to the palace of the high prieſt. Satan, unable to riſe, laments over his diſconſolate condition: He is diſcovered by Mammon, who conſoles him and aſſiſts in raiſing him from the ground: Satan teſtifies to the power and divinity of Chriſt, feels a preſentiment of his impending doom, and having delivered his laſt injunctions to Mammon, is lifted from the earth by a ſtormy guſt and carried through the air out of ſight of that evil ſpirit, who terrified by the fate of his chief turns to flight and eſcapes.

CALVARY.

BOOK IV.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

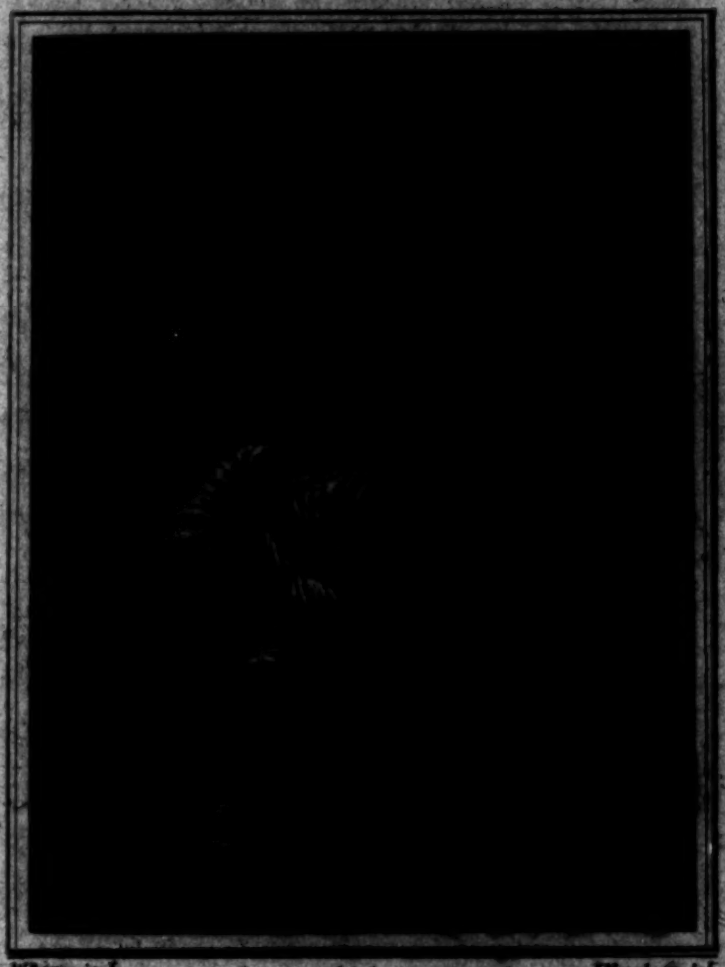
O MOUNT of Agony! water'd with tears
From my Redeemer's eyes, and by his knees,
Preſſing thy turf, made ſacred as the ground,
Where ev'n the Choſen Shepherd might not ſtand
But with unſandal'd feet, Ah! where is now
That purifying Angel me to cleanſe
From this vile world, that ſo I may approach,
Though but in thought, with a right ſpi'rit renew'd,
Thy hallow'd ſolitude? Lo! where the Lord
Sorrowing retires apart: Where are the Three
Station'd to guard his ſacred privacy?
Stand they aloof, as their forefathers ſtood,
When from the midſt of darkneſs, cloud and fire,
JEHOVAH thunder'd out of Sinai's mount?
Ah, no! within that olive grove they lie

Stretch'd on the ground, a drowſy ſlumb'ring guard.
And could ye not, ye ſleepers, watch one hour
For ſuch a Maſter? Oh! what heart could taſte
Of reſt or peace, whilſt his was rack'd with pain?
Was it the ſighs his ſuffering virtue breath'd
Into the air of ſad Gethſemane,
That ſo entranc'd your ſenſes? Or was he,
The ſtrength'ning Angel, ſent from Heav'n to ſhield
The Savior's anguiſh from all human eyes,
And veil the myſtery of that awful hour?
Then was that angry cup, full mix'd and red
From God's right hand, preſented to his lips:
The bitter eſſence of origi'nal ſin,
With every life-deſtroying extract, drawn
From man's corruption ſince, were there infus'd,
Compounded and reſolved into that draught,
Mix'd by the hand of Death and drugg'd in hell.
The coward, ſhrinking under fortune's blows,
With deſperate lip hath oft-times drank and died:
'Tis refuge, 'tis deſertion from a poſt
He dare defend no longer, 'tis the hope,

Falſe fruitleſs hope, of a perpetual ſleep,
When he hath bottom'd that Lethæan cup:
But our Redeemer's potion was not ſuch;
Horrors and heart-diſſolving woes and pangs,
That mock imagination's ſcope, and ſtretch
The heart's ſtrong cordage, till it burſts aſunder
And leaves the mind a wreck, theſe were the drugs,
That brew'd that cup of agony, which God
Now tender'd as the wrath-atoning draught
For a revolted world! Myſterious act!
The Father ſacrifice the Son belov'd!
The juſt to ſpare the unjuſt lay the rod
Upon the guiltleſs head! Shall all offend,
And One atone for all? One Victim bear
The accumulated load of puniſhment,
The maſs of vengeance, that amazing whole,
Which each particu'lar ſin had pil'd in ſtore,
And that devoted ſacrifice a Lamb
Pure, without ſpot or blemiſh? O my ſoul!
Beware, nor to that tabernacle preſs,
Where clouds and darkneſs canopy thy God.

Lo! where the Savior kneels; he looks around
For ſome to ſuccour, to ſupport, ſome friend,
Whoſe ſympathiſing eye might beam upon him,
And with a moment's glance of pity chear
His deſolated ſpirit. All around
Is vacant horror, ſolitary, dark;
The partners of his heart, the choſen few,
The friends, who ſhould have watch'd, are wrapt in ſleep,
Inſenſible, ſupine, oblivious ſleep;
Woes multiplied by woe, and that the worſt,
Ingratitude, the ſharpeſt fang that gnaws
Man's bleeding boſom. In this ſad extreme,
His ſoul revolting from the noiſome draught,
With eyes to Heav'n uplifted, and a ſigh,
Which ſhew'd that human weakneſs then o'erpower'd
His ſoul's diviner part—Abba! he cries,
Father, all things are poſſible to Thee,
Remove this cup!—Then bows his patient head
And qualifies the pray'r—Yet not my will,
But Thine be done!—No voice from Heav'n replies:
All Nature ſleeps in ſilence ſtill as death,

As



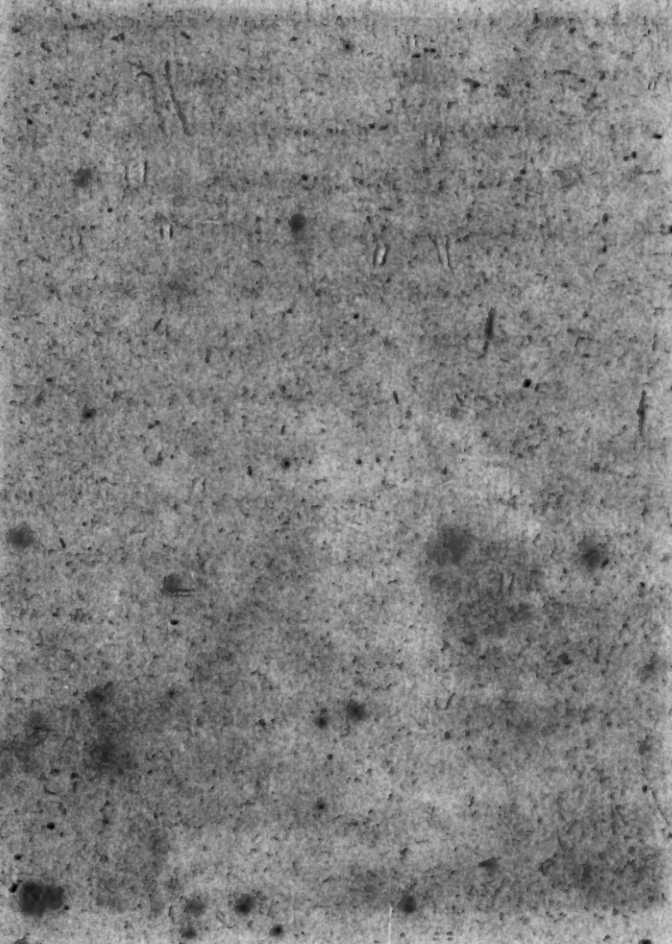
W.Brown inv.ᵗ J.Knight Sculp.ᵗ

CHRIST in his AGONY.

La! where the Saviour kneels; he looks around
For some to succour, to support — some friend,
Whose sympathizing eye might beam upon him,
And with a moments glance of pity cheer
His desolated Spirit.

Book IV. P. 158. vo. 58.

Published Nov.ʳ 1800, by Lackington, Allen & Cᵒ Temple of the Muses.



As if the planets in their ſpheres had paus'd
To watch the trembling balance, on whoſe point
The fortunes of this globe ſuſpended hung,
It's ruin or redemption, death or life.
'Twas then the ſtrength'ning Angel dealt the blow,
That put the hovering ſpy of hell to flight,
Seen of our Lord in ambuſh where he lay.
And now the Mourner riſes from the earth,
On which he knelt, and a few paces moves
Penſive and ſlow to find his ſtation'd friends:
He finds them not as friends upon the watch,
Not as God's faithful ſoldiers ſhould be found,
But at their length ſtretch'd out in lazy ſleep
With folded arms ſupine. Rous'd by his voice
They ſtare, they ſtart confounded and amaz'd.
Could ye not watch one hour? the Sufferer cries:
Watch, for the foe of man is near at hand;
Pray, leſt ye fall into the Tempter's ſnare:
The ſpi'rit is ready, but the fleſh is weak.
So warn'd, he leaves them with this mild rebuke:
A ſecond time he ſeeks the diſmal dell,

Again

Again he prays remiſſion of his woe,
And deprecates the agonizing cup:
Meanwhile his drowſy centinels perceive
A languor, which their ſenſes muſt obey,
And down they ſink, their leaden eye-balls clos'd
As in a death-like trance. Again he comes,
Again he calls, a ſecond warning gives,
And ſo departs.——Now SATAN on the wing
Swift as a fiery meteor rides the air,
With ſhield and ſpear arm'd at all points for war:
Then down at once with huge Titanian bulk,
Plumb down he lights upon the ſolid ſoil,
Hard by th' angelic poſt: Earth felt the ſhock,
And trembling to her center inly groan'd.
Nor did his haughty courage deign to crouch,
Or lurk with lion watch, but firm of foot
Erect and confident in arms he ſtood,
As one, whoſe proweſs all advantage ſcorn'd
And mean ſurprize of an unguarded foe:
Such arts to weaker ſpirits he reſign'd;
He of his former ſelf felt no decay,

Or

Or feeling ſcorn'd confeſſion, for his pride
Still deem'd that heav'n, though loſt, contain'd no peer
To mate with him in hardihood and proof,
Save only the Almighty; to ſuch heighth
Of arrogance had pow'r long time uſurp'd
Over the Gentile nations, and the ſight
Of God's own Son, now, as he falſely deem'd,
Vanquiſh'd and proſtrate, ſwell'd his impious heart.
Our bleſſed Lord meanwhile having preferr'd
For the laſt time his interceding prayer,
Summon'd his ſtrength, and conſcious that the hour
Was come, which finiſh'd or revok'd the taſk
Of man's redemption from the powers of hell,
Whoſe repreſentative hard by at hand
Stood eager to arreſt the forfeit prize,
Put forth his hand, and as he took the cup,
SATAN, who ſtood ſpectator of the deed,
Started aghaſt; cold tremor ſhook his joints,
His threat'ning ſpear now droop'd, and his broad ſhield,
So proudly borne aloft, weigh'd down his arm
Slack and unnerv'd; confuſion ſeiz'd his heart,

And

And his high courage quail'd. This GABRIEL ſaw,
Yet left he not his poſt till CHRIST had drain'd
The cup myſterious; to its loweſt dregs
He drank it; now convulſion ſhook the fiend,
Death ſhriek'd amain, and through his hollow ribs
Drove his own ebon dart with deſp'rate rage.
Bitter the draught and hateful to the taſte,
But Immortality had crown'd the cup,
And Light and Life on phœnix wings ſprung forth
From the foul dregs in new-born glories bright.
GABRIEL, who knew that by this ſolemn act
Thus happily perform'd his charge expir'd,
Now turn'd away in ſearch of that fierce ſpi'rit,
Whom thro' the darkling covert he had ſeen,
Whilſt by the ſide of God's afflicted Son
Miniſt'ring he ſtood: Right well he knew the form
And towering port of hell's terrific King;
Nor had the dire confuſion and diſmay
Of that fell dæmon ſcap'd th' angelic glance.
Him now within a gloomy dell retir'd
To further diſtance, wrapt as it ſhould ſeem

In

In penſive thought, the Guardian Seraph ſpied.
In the ſame moment SATAN's ghaſtly eye
Glanc'd on his foe: bright in cærulean arms
Heav'n's champion ſhone, high o'er his creſted helm
The arch-angelic plume triformed wav'd,
Enſign of throned ſtate and high command.
The griſly monarch gnaſh'd his teeth with ſpite
To find himſelf encounter'd at ſuch odds;
His foe freſh blooming in immortal youth,
Vigorous, in heav'nly-temper'd armor brac'd;
Himſelf at this ill hour ſurpriz'd, his ſtrength
As by enchantment blaſted, and that voice,
Which in the ears of all hell's princes vouch'd
Such bold atchievements, ſhrunk from it's high pitch
To feeble murmurs and weak whining ſighs.
So when on Zama's plain the rival chiefs,
Rome's conſul and the Punic captain, met
To parley in mid-way 'twixt either camp,
The war-worn veteran, blighted and defac'd
By wint'ry marches over noiſome fens
And ſnows on mountains pil'd, with envious eye,

Sole

Sole relick of his toil, ſurvey'd the form
And blooming features of his youthful foe;
Then to his mind recalling glories paſt,
When his proud menace aw'd immortal Rome,
Sigh'd to reflect how far in the decline
From that bright morn his evening ſun had ſunk;
Then ey'd the youth again, and in his face,
Shadow'd by fate, ſaw Carthage doom'd to fall,
And his own glories to a foe transferr'd
Leſs than his equal once, his conqu'ror now.
But 'twas not long that SATAN ſo endur'd,
For now the conſcious ſenſe of former deeds
Bold, though unbleſt, and high innate diſdain
Of mean capitulation and demur
Rous'd his proud heart, like a hot courſer ſpurr'd,
To chafe and laſh his languid courage up:
Red'ning he ſwell'd, and gnaw'd his nether lip
For vengeance that it would not give him words
To hurl defiance on th' advancing foe:
When GABRIEL, noting his diſorder'd mein
And haggard aſpect, ſtrait beſpoke the fiend.

Thus

Thus ever may the foe of CHRIST be found
Speechleſs, abaſh'd, ſtruck down of Heav'n and quell'd!
How long, malicious Spi'rit, wilt thou perſiſt
To trouble this vex'd earth? How long to haunt
This righteous perſon, whoſe ſtrong virtue mocks
Thy faint attempts? Warn'd by this ſhame, avaunt!
Hence, baffled Tempter! roaming thus at large,
Thou doſt but ſhew by melancholy proof,
That a tormented conſcience never reſts.
As the fierce panther, through the ribs transfix'd,
Writhes round the bloody weapon in his ſide,
And tugs it to and fro with foamy teeth,
Mad'ning with pain and gnaſhing at his wound;
So 'gainſt himſelf and foe alike enrag'd,
Hell's gloomy Lord, by this deſerved taunt
Cut to the heart, with many a hard eſſay
Struggled for voice; at length collecting breath,
Theſe words diſdainful, though of their full tone
And energy abated, found their way.
GABRIEL, the brave in danger earn renown;
True valor ſpares the weak, but thou, more wife

Than

Than valiant, ſtudieſt well the ſafer hour,
When to come forth and wage inglorious war
'Gainſt unprovided foes; if CHEMOS then,
Or ſome ſlight Cherub, croſs thy wary path,
Woe to the ſtraggler! if thy barbed ſpear
Can make ſafe tilt at his unweapon'd ſide.
But I, who day and night have pac'd this globe,
Found in all quarters, I, who never ſhun'd,
Rather have ſought, thy walk, am left to roam
Free and of thee unqueſtion'd from the hour,
When on the confines of this new-made world
We parlied under Eden's ſhady fence,
To th' inſtant now, when faint and ill at eaſe,
Unwarlike Angel, thou haſt found me here
Nerveleſs, and little more than match for thee.
To whom th' indignant Virtue thus reply'd:
If SATAN here is found in evil plight,
He's found of me unfought. Thine own dark wiles,
Degen'rate Spi'rit, and Heav'n's all-ruling hand
Have caſt thee in my way. Muſt I turn off
From duty's road direct becauſe forſooth

A wounded

A wounded adder hiſſes in my path?
Why didſt thou preſs into this place of prayer,
This hallow'd ſolitude, where CHRIST hath breath'd
A charm, that withers up thy blaſted ſtrength?
Could'ſt thou not learn, by late experience taught,
There is a ſphere about the Son of God,
In which no ſpi'rit like thee accurſt can draw
His breath blaſpheming? At a word begone!
Though with my foot I could have ſpurn'd thee hence,
I tread not on the fall'n; nor do I vaunt
Conqueſt of thee; that to a mightier arm,
Rebel to God, to God's own Son thou ow'ſt,
To CHRIST, not GABRIEL: Nor ſhalt thou alone
Stoop to his name, but every idol God,
And ev'ry pow'r of darkneſs with their prince,
And Sin hell-born, and thy foul offspring Death.

Whereto, by theſe prophetic words appall'd,
SATAN with taunting argument replied:

Since this angelic form, from death exempt,
Sometimes ſhall yield to aches and tranſient pains
And natural ailments for awhile endur'd,

What wonder, if etherial ſpi'rit like me,
Pent in this atmoſphere and fain to breathe
The lazy fogs of this unwholeſome earth,
Pine for his native clime? What, if he droop,
Worn out with care and toil? Wert thou as I
Driv'n to and fro, and by God's thunder hurl'd
From Heav'n's high ramparts, would that ſilken form
Abide the toſſing on hell's fiery lake?
Hadſt thou like me travers'd the vaſt profound
Of antient Night, and beat the weary wing
Through ſtormy Chaos, voyage rude as this
Wou'd ruffle thoſe fine plumes. I've kept my courſe
Through hurricanes, the leaſt of which let looſe
On this firm globe would winnow it to duſt,
Snap like a weaver's thread the mighty chain,
That links it to heav'n's adamantine floor,
And whirl it through the Infinite of Space.
And what haſt thou, ſoft Cherub, done the whilſt?
What are thy labors? What haſt thou atchiev'd?
Heav'n knows no winter, there no tempeſts howl;
To breathe perpetual ſpring, to ſleep ſupine

On

On flowery beds of amaranth and roſe,
Voluptuous ſlavery, was GABRIEL's choice:
His boſom never drew th' indignant ſigh,
That rent my heart, when call'd to morning hymn
I paid compulſive homage at God's throne,
Warbling feign'd hallelujahs to his praiſe.
Spirits of abject mould, and ſuch art thou,
May call this eaſy ſervice, for they love
Ignoble eaſe; to me the fulſome taſk
Was bittereſt ſlavery, and though I fell,
I fell oppoſing; exil'd both from heav'n
Freedom and I ſhar'd the ſame glorious fall.
Go back then to thy drudgery of praiſe,
Practiſe new canticles and tune thy throat
To flattery's fawning pitch; leave me my groans,
Leave me to teach theſe echoes how to curſe;
Here let me lie and make this rugged ſtone
My couch, my canopy this ſtormy cloud,
That rolls ſtern winter o'er my fenceleſs head;
'Tis freedom's privilege, nor tribute owes,
Nor tribute pays to Heav'n's deſpotic King.

Thus whilſt he ſpake, the Savior of mankind,
New ris'n from pray'r, drew nigh; whereat the fiend,
Or e'er the awful preſence met his eye,
Shivering, as one by ſudden fever ſeiz'd,
Turn'd deadly pale; then fell to earth convuls'd.
Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes
That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilſt through the ſeams
And chinks, that in his jointed armour gap'd,
Blue ſulph'rous flames in livid flaſhes burſt,
So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart,
Which like a furnace ſev'n times heated rag'd.
Meanwhile the winged Meſſenger of Heaven,
GABRIEL, with horror and amazement fix'd,
Stood motionleſs behind his orbed ſhield:
Not ſo the Savior; he with look compos'd
And ſtedfaſt noting the diſaſtrous plight
Of that tormented fiend, theſe words addreſs'd:
SATAN, thou ſee'ſt the ſerpent's primal curſe
At length falls heavy on thy bruiſed head;
When man loſt Paradiſe, by thee betray'd,
This was thy doom, Deceiver; and although

Ages

Ages have roll'd on ages ſince, yet God,
Who from eternal to eternal lives
Bleſſed for evermore, computes not time
As thou, whoſe mis'ry makes ſhort years ſeem long.
Yet was the interim thine, and thou, who firſt
Brought'ſt ſin into the world, haſt reign'd in ſin:
Thou hadſt the power of death, but I through death
Am deſtin'd to deſtroy that power and thee.
And now my hour is come, I go to death,
That all through me may live; therefore begone!
Get thee behind me! Thou haſt now no part
On earth, thy dwelling is prepar'd in hell:
There when we meet, expect to meet thy doom.
This ſaid, the fiend replied not but with groans,
Nor ſtaid the Angel longer than to turn
One laſt ſad look upon his proſtrate foe,
Then flew to heav'n. The Savior bent his ſteps
In ſearch of his diſciples; them he found
Wrapt as before in ſleep.—Sleep on, he cried,
And henceforth take your reſt: It is enough:
The hour is come. Behold! the Son of man

Into the hands of ſinners is betray'd:
Riſe, let us go! The traitor is at hand.
And lo! while yet he ſpake a mingled crew
Arm'd and unarm'd approach; before them all
JUDAS advancing thus beſpeaks the throng:
Whom I ſhall kiſs is He, the CHRIST; Him ſeize
And in ſafe keeping hold.—Upon the word
He gives the trait'rous greeting, and exclaims,
Hail, Maſter!—When at once the ſwarming crowd
Ruſh in a ſpace, then ſtand in circle round,
Like blood-hounds held at bay, their eager eyes
Fix'd on his face, which to behold they rear
Their flaming torches, whilſt the proſpect round
Glares with the ruddy blaze; a ghaſtly troop,
Like that dread chorus, which the tragic bard
Pour'd on the ſcene, when the Athenian wives
Dropt their abortive burthens with affright,
To ſee their ſnaky locks and fiery brands
Kindled in Phlegethon's ſulphureous waves:
So glares that haggard crew; in front they ſee
JESUS in conſcious majeſty unmov'd,

Behind

Behind him to ſome little ſpace withdrawn
PETER and JAMES and JOHN, the choſen Three,
Small band, but in their Leader's power a hoſt
Invincible, 'gainſt whom whole armies leagu'd
Were but as chaff before the whirlwind's blaſt,
Had he ſo will'd; but now with accent firm,
Whom ſeek ye? he demands: They anſwer make,
JESUS of Nazareth.—I am the man,
JESUS replies; He, whom ye ſeek, is found.
His air, his utterance and that voice divine,
Which could have arm'd Heav'n's legions in his cauſe,
Or gulph'd them to the center at a word,
Swift as the vollied thunder ſmote their hearts,
And hurl'd them to the ground: Headlong they fell
With hideous craſh, nor ever thence had ris'n,
Had not his gracious purpoſe ſo decreed
For man's redemption: Up they riſe from earth,
And in like manner to the ſame demand
A ſecond time make anſwer; he repeats—
I told you, and ye heard, that I am He:
If therefore me ye ſeek, let theſe depart.

Then burſt the chidden zeal of PETER forth,
Arm'd with a ſword he ruſh'd upon the throng
And at the foremoſt aim'd a random blow,
That gaſh'd the caitiff's head, but miſs'd the life.
Put up thy ſword, raſh man! the Savior cries,
Did I want reſcue, would I aſk of thee,
With all my Father's Angels at command?
No! let me do His will and drink His cup:
And you, that here encompaſs me about,
As 'twere a felon ye came out to take,
With ſwords and ſtaves, ſuffer thus far, behold!
The wound his weapon makes my touch ſhall heal:
'Tis done! Know all, that they, who take the ſword,
Shall periſh by the ſword. What needs this ſtir,
This midnight plotting and this traitor's kiſs,
Theſe ſtaves, theſe torches and this arm'd array
To make one harmleſs peaceful man your prize?
You ſaw me daily in my public walks,
Freely we commun'd, for you harm'd me not;
You heard me in the Temple; for I taught
In very zeal the ſimple way of truth,

Lab'ring

Lab'ring full hard to turn your hearts to God:
If this were my offence, why not arreſt
Your Preacher in the act, and drag to death
Him, who would fain have train'd you in the road
To life eternal? Never on the poor
Turn'd I my back; I courted not the rich;
Were this my fault, in the broad face of day
Ye might have ſmitten me and earn'd the praiſe
Of the proud Phariſee and braggart Scribe:
I fed the hungry and I heal'd your ſick,
I ſuccour'd the tormented and poſſeſt;
Are theſe the heinous acts for which I die?
In field, in city, in frequented ways
The wretched flock'd around, if theſe be crimes
Why is their puniſhment ſo long reſerv'd
To this dark hour of night? The ſun himſelf
Witneſs'd my doings, ſo might he my death.
But ſee! my followers are diſpers'd and fled,
And I ſtand in your peril here alone:
No need to fear him, who makes no defence;
Conduct me to my doom: God's will be done!

This

This ſaid, their ſacrilegious hands they laid
Upon his ſacred perſon: He in' the midſt
With meek compoſure and ſubmitted look
March'd ſlowly onward, as they led the way
To the proud dome of CAIAPHAS, high-prieſt
Of MOLOCH than of God more fitly call'd.
Oh! ye hard hearts, was this the Paſchal Lamb,
Ye worſe than pagan butchers, whom ye cull'd
Pure and unſpotted for your bloody feaſt?
Well did your lawgiver decree this day
A record and memorial to be kept
Throughout your generations to all time;
A memorable day, a noted feaſt
Your ſtubborn incredulity hath made it.
To you a day of darkneſs and diſgrace;
To us Salvation's glorious dawn, to us
By our great Captain led, the Lord of Life,
Who through the darkſome avenue of death
And depths myſterious of the mazy grave,
Holding the clue of prophecy in hand,
Unravell'd all the ways of Providence

And to our view ſet ope the golden gates
Of Paradiſe regain'd, whence light and life
And bliſs eternal beam on all mankind;
For all, who with their lips confeſs the Lord,
And in their hearts believe that from the dead
God in his pow'r hath rais'd him, ſhall be ſav'd.
Meanwhile the prince of hell, whom CHRIST had left
Rolling in torments on the ſtony rock,
Mad as leviathan, when tempeſt-wreck'd
Flound'ring he lies upon the ſhoaly beach,
Now to one laſt and deſperate effort driv'n,
Straining each nerve with many a dolorous groan
Half his huge length had rear'd. His right hand graſp'd
His ſpear, the other on his buckler propp'd
Pillow'd his head, raging with pain and thoughts
Black as the night around him: To ariſe
And ſtand ſurpaſs'd his power; in vain he ſpread
His feathery vans to raiſe him in the air;
About him all the ground with azure plumes
Beat from his ſhatter'd pinions was beſtrewn:
Deſpair now ſeiz'd him, now too late he rued

His

His blaſphemies and bold rebellious taunts
'Gainſt Heav'n's Omnipotent, his Judge incens'd:
Hopeleſs of mercy now he curs'd his doom
Of immortality, and as he roll'd
His haggard eyes in night, hell's flaming gulph,
Terrific viſion, ſeem'd to burſt upon him
With treble horrors charg'd; then with a ſigh,
That ſtrain'd his heaving cors'let, he breath'd forth
In murmuring lamentations theſe ſad words:
  Ah! who who will lift me from this iron bed,
On which Prometheus-like for ever link'd
And rivetted by dire neceſſity
I'm doom'd to lie, and wail the cruel boon
Of immortality, my baneful fate?
O earth, earth, earth! Cannot my groans pervade
Thy ſtony heart to' embowel me alive
Under this rock, before to-morrow's ſun
Find me here weltering in the ſordid duſt,
A ſpectacle of ſcorn to all my hoſt,
Wont to behold in me their kingly chief?
Will not ſome pitying earthquake gulph me down

To

To where the everlaſting fountains ſleep,
That in thoſe wat'ry caverns I might ſlake
Theſe fires, that ſhrivel my parch'd ſinews up?
Ah! whither ſhall I turn? who will unbrace
This ſcalding mail, that burns my tortur'd breaſt
Worſe than the ſhirt of Neſſus? Oh! for pity,
Grant me a moment's interval of eaſe,
Avenging, angry Deity! Draw back
Thy red right hand, that with the light'ning arm'd
Thruſt to my heart makes all my boiling blood
Hiſs in my veins; or if thou wilt deſtroy
Whom thou haſt vanquiſh'd, terminate theſe feuds
'Twixt good and evil, thee and me, reduce
This incorruptible to mould'ring duſt,
Make death a parricide, and ſo conclude
Me and my ſufferings and my ſins at once.
But 'twill not be. Happy I might have been,
Immortal I muſt be: God can create
Nothing but bliſs; I made the pains I feel:
Sorrow had no exiſtence, Death no name
'Till I loſt heav'n; to be was to be bleſt,

And

And beings bleſt could never ceaſe to be.
This earth and man its habitant were good,
Till envy, pride, rebellion, in my heart
Engend'ring, marr'd God's perfect work with ſin;
And but for ſin the univerſe were heav'n:
So am I author of the hell within me,
And theſe tormenting fires God cannot quench;
For that would be to turn from what he is,
Parent of good, and to become like me
Patron and friend of evil. Reas'ning thus
I muſt renounce all hope of future peace,
And wage eternal enmity with God,
Whom longer to oppoſe I now deſpair,
And under whoſe ſtrong hand weigh'd down to earth
Proſtrate, confounded, I can riſe no more.
Muſt I be ever thus? Muſt theſe fierce pangs,
Or worſe, if worſe can be, torment me ever?
Are there no means to make a truce with Heav'n?
Submiſſion, penitence, atonement, pray'rs
And interceſſions—Oh! fallacious, vain,
Impracticable terms! Can pride ſhed tears,

Falſehood

Falſehood keep faith, or perjury paſs it's oath
Upon that Judge, to whom all hearts are known?
It cannot be. Ages of ſin have roll'd
'Twixt me and pardon, gulph impaſſable.
Man's loſs of Paradiſe, a delug'd world,
Sin paramount on earth, the nations turn'd
From God to idols, ſcarce a remnant left
Of this his choſen race, corruption ſpread
Ev'n to' the heart of Judah', and from this Mount,
Sad witneſs of my overthrow and ſhame,
Scene of my triumphs once, his ſtandard torn
And hell's proud banners flanting in it's place;
Theſe and a countleſs multitude of wrongs
Cry in the catalogue ſo loud againſt me,
That ſhould the thunder of God's vengeance ſleep,
Mercy herſelf would ſeize th' uplifted bolt
And ſpeed the ling'ring blow. What is my hope,
If ſuch the taſk to purchaſe peace for man,
Man ſo ſubordinate in ſin to me,
The ſpring and fountain-head of that foul ſtream,
Which he at diſtance drank? If CHRIST muſt die

For

For man, if nothing leſs than God's own Son
Can ſtand betwixt the Father's wrath and man,
What mediator can be found for me?
None, and no wonder if his wrath, withdrawn
From man now pardon'd, fall with worſe recoil
On my devoted head: Ev'n now it falls.
Me like an eagle in my tow'ring flight,
From the proud zenith of the ſun's bright ſphere
Headlong he hurls to earth with ſhatter'd wing
And plumes diſhevell'd grov'ling in the duſt:
Me, the ſole mover of man's foul revolt,
He marks for tenfold vengeance; for if CHRIST,
The patient meek Redeemer, groans in pain,
What ſhall the Tempter feel? If on the rack
Of agony his guiltleſs brow ſweats blood,
Well may this body' of ſin burſt out in flames,
A conflagration horrible to ſight,
And blazing beacon to th' aſtoniſh'd world.
And what is this vile JUDAS, who ſeduc'd
By wily MAMMON ſells his Maſter's life?
What PETER's ſelf, whom, had not JESUS pray'd,

I'd

I'd ſifted into chaff? Theſe purblind prieſts,
Who with their half-ſhut eyes aſkance behold
Their own Meſſias in his wond'rous acts,
Yet give thoſe wonders to the powers of hell,
And trembling for their craft complot his death,
What are they? Whence but from myſelf their lyes?
'Tis I in them, and not they of themſelves,
That kill the Prince of Peace; his guiltleſs blood
Sprinkles their hands, but in a flood-gate tide
Redder than ſcarlet whelms my ſinking ſoul.
He ceas'd, and in his mantle hid his face
For ſhame and ſorrow to be thus ſurpriz'd;
For MAMMON, ever on the foot by night,
Had ſpied him through the gloom, and thus began:
What ails thee, Prince of air, that here thou lieſt
On the dull earth, not reſting it ſhould ſeem
From victory, but vanquiſh'd and o'erthrown?
Vanquiſh'd, alas! and in the duſt o'erthrown
By God's all-pow'rful Son, SATAN replied,
Too ſure I am; and how it wrings this heart
So to be found of thee words cannot ſpeak.

Yet thou of all the ſpirits heav'n hath loſt
Art he, of whom my pride hath leaſt to fear;
For thou wilt not as others gall my ſpleen
With ſcorn and taunting: Thou, a friendly chief,
Haſt pity for the ſorrows of a friend;
To thee my valor and deſerts are known,
For thou wert ever neareſt where I fought
In front of danger on the battle's edge;
Thou know'ſt the hazard and the chance of war,
And with what malice fortune thwarts our beſt,
Our braveſt efforts: Scarr'd thyſelf with wounds,
Thou from the wounded wilt not turn aſide;
Therefore, O MAMMON, as my hand to thee
Were preſent, didſt thou need it, ſo to me,
Thy ſovereign in diſtreſs, reach forth thine hand,
And, if thou canſt, upraiſe me from this fall;
If thou canſt not, let not my armies know
Their leader's fate, be mindful of my fame,
And bury this ſad ſecret in thy breaſt.
He ſaid, nor need had he of further ſuit,
For MAMMON now had put forth all his ſtrength

To

To raiſe him from the ground; in his ſtrong graſp
He ſeiz'd his giant limbs in armour clad
Of adamant and gold, a ponderous wreck:
Earth trembled with the ſhock; dire were the groans
Hell's Monarch vented, horrible the pains,
That rack'd his ſtiffen'd joints; yet on he toil'd
Till by Heav'n's ſufferance rather than by aid
Of arm angelic once again he rear'd
His huge Titanian ſtature to the ſkies,
And ſtood; yet not as late with look erect
And lofty mien: Ruin was in his face;
Sordid and ſoil'd with ignominious duſt
His robe imperial, and his azure wings
And gloſſy locks, that o'er his ſhoulders curl'd,
Diſhevell'd now, and in like tatter'd trim
With veſſel tempeſt-torn, or by the force
Of engines weigh'd from bottom of the deep,
Founder'd in creek or harbor, where ſhe lay
Gulph'd in the ſlimy ooze; when MAMMON thus:
Joy to our gallant Leader! Once again
With firm foot planted on the ſubject earth

We ſtand as ſpi'rits by our own ſtrength redeem'd
Erect and dauntleſs. Wherefore droops that eye,
As it would root itſelf into the ſoil,
From which with vigor new reſtor'd you riſe
Antæus-like indignant of defeat?
Oft, when in ſearch of gold or ſilver ore
In earth's metallic veins, I've labor'd long
And hard, in damp and darkſome caverns pent,
Mining the ſolid rock, at length to light
And the free air emerg'd, I've found my limbs
Stiffen'd with cramps, or with cold ague numb'd:
Yet never did my patient courage droop
Or ſlack it's gainful toil. I am not apt,
When wealth or glory can be bought with pain,
To ſtagger at the terms; and if it pleaſe
Heav'n's Monarch in his vengeance to attach
To this eternal be'ing eternal pain,
Good hope, as poiſons may be ſheath'd by uſe,
So long familiarity with pain
May draw it's ſting, and habitude convert
It's hoſtile property to friendly eaſe.

But

But thy great heart perhaps is rent with grief,
Of pain diſdainful as of leſſer ill:
And wherefore grieve? Our joys were loſt with heaven,
Our paſſions all revers'd, our natures chang'd,
Virtues to vices, amity to hate;
Deeds, that in heav'n had been our ſhame, in hell
Become our glory'; and whilſt the world endures,
Whilſt evil is to good oppos'd, we keep
The fight at doubtful iſſue, oft-times win
The glorious field and triumph over God.
Why did I tempt ISCARIOT to betray
His guiltleſs Maſter? 'Twas not that I lov'd
The traitor, no, the treaſon was my joy;
I laugh at fools in their own folly caught:
The wretch I tempted, him I ſhall deſtroy,
And like a worn-out weapon caſt him by;
He ſhall not live to ſee his Maſter's fall,
And for the ſorry purchaſe of his ſin
He ſhall but touch the adder's ſting and die:
So much for JUDAS! Thus at once I ſlay
Two victims and refine upon revenge.

To whom with clouded brow and nothing cheer'd
By this diſcourſe hell's gloomy Power replied:
MAMMON, you well deſcribe the rueful change
Wrought in us by our overthrow from heav'n,
And for ſuch ſolace as in thought you find
Pondering the ſad eternity of pain,
My argument ſhall never be employ'd
To make that little leſs; but when you vaunt
ISCARIOT's treaſon and th' impending fall
Of that juſt Perſon, now before the bar
Of envious judges, who ſhall doom his death,
You vaunt a deed, which, though the' elect of hell
Jointly with me advis'd, brings on us all
Ruin with loſs of empire, and all hope
So quenches, nought can ſtand us now in ſtead
But patience and your reconciling rules
To wont our natures to eternal pain.
My potency you know, and can you think
Leſs than the hand of God could hurl me down
To miſery like this? It muſt be God,
Who ſpeaks in CHRIST, the Father in the Son:

Though

Though meek, Almighty he controuls the world
And me the world's late maſter; he deſtroys
Sin my begotten and Sin's offspring Death.
Oh! that I never had approach'd him more,
Foil'd in my firſt temptation. Now, ev'n now,
I feel a nature in me, not mine own,
That is my maſter and againſt my will
Enforces truths prophetic from my tongue,
Making me rev'rence whom in heart I hate:
I feel that now, though lifted from the ground,
I ſtand or move or ſpeak but as he wills,
By influence not by freedom: I perceive
Theſe exhalations, that the night breathes on me,
Are loaded with the vaporous ſteams of hell;
I ſcent them in the air, and well I know
The angel of deſtruction is abroad.
I cannot fly from fate; the man foredoom'd
To bruiſe my head is CHRIST, the time is come,
The prophecy is full; exil'd from hence,
As firſt from heav'n, my reign on earth is o'er,
And my laſt care is for thoſe hapleſs friends,

The partners of my fall, when I am gone
Left like a headleſs trunk. Warn them to fly
Impending ruin; ſure I am, when CHRIST
Breathes forth his ſacred ſpi'rit into the air,
His dying gaſp ſhall blow them like a ſpell
To the four winds of heav'n: Let them be gone
In time and ply the wing; there's ſhelter yet
In this wide world for them: Though I muſt hence,
They may abide, and though their names be loſt,
Their altars levell'd and their idols maim'd,
Yet ſhall their arts and offices endure,
Their influences ſtill ſhall draw the hearts
Of many; ſin ſhall not at once ſecede
From earth, nor darkneſs wholly yield to light.
To thee, auſpicious ſpi'rit, whoſe potent arm
Hath rais'd me from the ground, I can aſſure
A longer term of reſidence and power:
Thy empire in earth's inmoſt centre roots.
Thy influence circulates through all her veins;
Nor earth alone, but ocean wafts to thee
Continual tribute; commerce hails thy name;

In thee war triumphs, thee fair peace adores
And gilds the feathers of her dove with gold
To dedicate to thee her worldly god,
Thee, the laſt foe whom CHRIST ſhall chaſe from earth.
So ſpake the parting fiend in his laſt hour
Prophetic, father though he were of lyes:
To him the inferior dæmon anſwer none
Attempted, but in ghaſtly ſilence ſtood
Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,
That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north,
With nitrous vapors charg'd, convulſive ſhoots
It's fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,
Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood;
So o'er the viſage of the exorcis'd fiend
Alternate gleams like meteors came and went;
And ever and anon he beat his breaſt,
That quick and ſhort with lab'ring pulſes heav'd.
One piteous look he upward turn'd, one ſigh
From his ſad heart he fain had ſent to heav'n,
But ere the hopeleſs meſſenger could leave
His quiv'ring lips, by ſudden impulſe ſeiz'd

He

He finds himſelf uplifted from the earth;
His azure wings, to ſooty black now chang'd,
In wide expanſe from either ſhoulder ſtretch
For flight involuntary: Up he ſprings
Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round;
As when the Lybian wilderneſs caught up
In ſandy pillar by the eddying winds
Moves horrible, the grave of man and beaſt;
Him thus aſcending the fork'd light'ning ſmites
With ſidelong volley, whilſt loud thunders rock
Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold!
Caught in the ſtream of an impetuous guſt
High in mid-air, ſwift on the level wing
Northward he ſhoots and like a comet leaves
Long fiery track behind, ſpeeding his courſe
Strait to the realms of Chaos and old Night,
Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkneſs doom'd.
His ſad aſſociate, left on earth, look'd up
And with like conſcious terror ey'd his flight,
As when the merchant trembling for his freight
Looks ſeaward from ſome promontory's top,

And thence deſcries his gallant bark a wreck
Driving at mercy of the winds and waves
Full on the rocky ſhoal, her certain grave;
Then having bid farewell to all his hope
In this one bottom ſtor'd, now loſt to ſight,
Turns with a ſigh aſide, and o'er the ſtrand
With heavy heart takes homeward his ſlow way.
So ſigh'd the fiend, and for his own ſad fate
Trembling yet fearful to attempt the wing,
Slunk cow'ring off veil'd in the ſhades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Printed by Luke Hanſard, Great Turnſtile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

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